

IMPROVEMENT ERA.

Organ of Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations.

PUBLISHED BY THE GENERAL BOARD.

JOSEPH F. SMITH, }
EDW. H. ANDERSON, } Editors.

HEBER J. GRANT, }
THOS. HULL, } Business
Managers.

APRIL, 1902.

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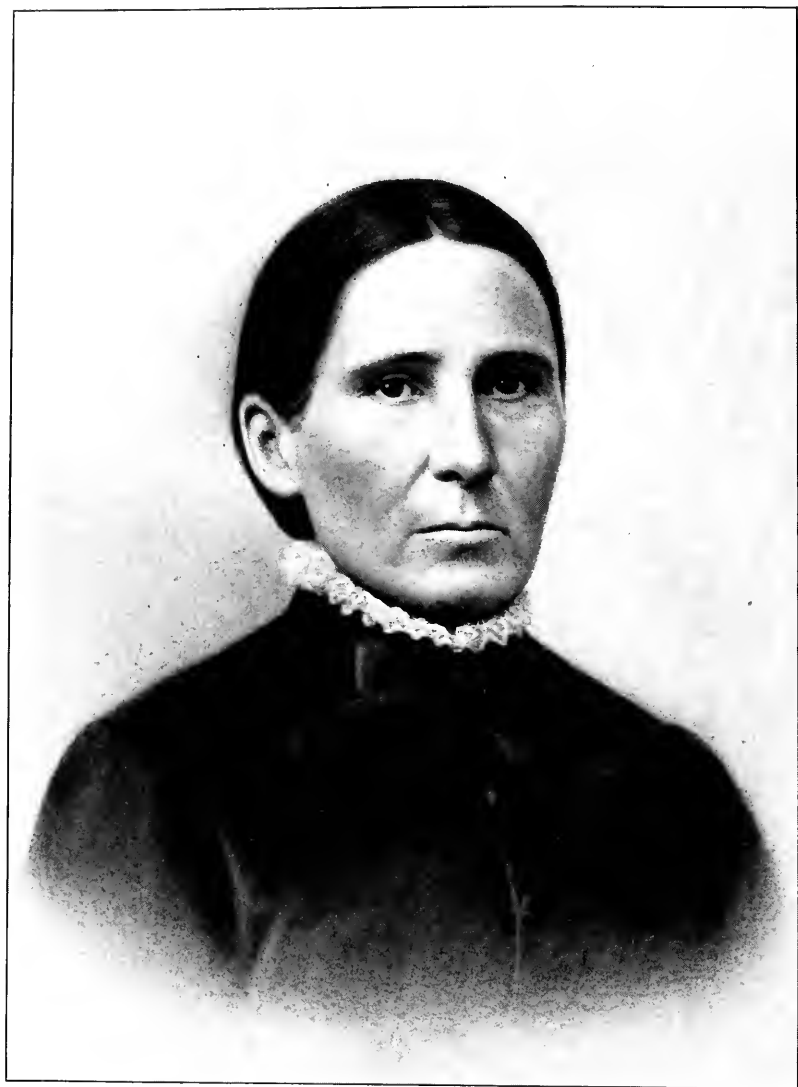
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IMPROVEMENT ERA.

VOL. V.

APRIL, 1902.

No. 6.

HISTORY OF THE PROPHET JOSEPH.

BY HIS MOTHER, LUCY SMITH.

CHAPTER XXIV.

JOSEPH BRINGS HOME THE BREAST-PLATE—MARTIN HARRIS AND HIS WIFE INTRODUCED—THE TRANSLATION COMMENCES—MRS. HARRIS BEGINS TO OPPOSE THE WORK.

After bringing home the plates, Joseph commenced working with his father and brothers on the farm, in order to be as near as possible to the treasure which was confided to his care.

Soon after this, he came in from work, one afternoon, and after remaining a short time, he put on his great coat, and left the house. I was engaged at the time, in an upper room, in preparing some oil-cloths for painting. When he returned, he requested me to come down stairs. I told him that I could not leave my work just then, yet, upon his urgent request, I finally concluded to go down and see what he wanted, upon which he handed me the breast-plate spoken of in his history.

It was wrapped in a thin muslin handkerchief, so thin that I could feel its proportions without any difficulty.

It was concave on one side, and convex on the other, and extended from the neck downwards, as far as the center of the stomach of a man of extraordinary size. It had four straps of the

same material, for the purpose of fastening it to the breast, two of which ran back to go over the shoulders, and the other two were designed to fasten to the hips. They were just the width of two of my fingers, (for I measured them,) and they had holes in the end of them, to be convenient in fastening. After I had examined it, Joseph placed it in the chest with the Urim and Thummim.

Shortly after this circumstance, Joseph came to the house in great haste, and inquired, if there had been a company of men about. I told him, not a single individual had come to the house since he left. He then said, that a mob would be there that night, if they did not come before that time, to search for the Record, and that it must be removed immediately.

Soon afterwards, a man by the name of Braman came in from the village of Livonia, a man in whom we reposed much confidence, and who was well worthy of the same. Joseph told him his apprehensions of a mob being there that night, and that they must prepare themselves to drive them away; but that the first thing to be attended to, was to secure the Record and breast-plate.

In view of this, it was determined that a portion of the hearth should be taken up, and that the Record and breast-plate should be buried under the same, and then the hearth be relaid, to prevent suspicion.

This was done as speedily as possible, but the hearth was scarcely relaid when a large company of men well-armed came rushing up to the house. Joseph threw open the doors, and taking a hint from the stratagem of his grandfather Mack, hallooed as if he had a legion at hand, in the meanwhile, giving the word of command with great emphasis; while all the male portion of the family, from the father down to little Carlos, ran out of the house with such fury upon the mob, that it struck them with terror and dismay, and they fled before the little Spartan band into the woods, where they dispersed themselves to their several homes.

In a short time Joseph received another intimation of the approach of a mob, also of the necessity of removing the Record and breast-plate from the place wherein they were secreted, consequently he took them out of the box in which they were placed, and wrapping them in clothes, carried them across the road to a cooper's shop, and laid them in a quantity of flax which was stowed

in the shop loft. After which he nailed up the box again, then tore up the floor of the shop, and put it under the same.

As soon as night came, the mob came also, and commenced ransacking the place. They rummaged round the house, and all over the premises, but did not come into the house. After making satisfactory search, they went away.

The next morning we found the floor of the cooper's shop torn up, and the box which was laid under it shivered in pieces.

In a few days afterwards, we learned the cause of this last move—why their curiosity led them in the direction of the cooper's shop. A young woman by the name of Chase, sister to Willard Chase, found a green glass, through which she could see many very wonderful things, and among her great discoveries she said that she saw the precise place where "Joe Smith kept his gold Bible hid," and, obedient to her directions, the mob gathered their forces and laid siege to the cooper's shop.

Notwithstanding their disappointment in not finding the plates in the shop, their confidence was not in the least shaken in Miss Chase, for they still went from place to place by her direction, determined to get if possible, the much desired object of their search.

Not long after the circumstance of the mob's going into the cooper's shop, and splitting in pieces the box, Joseph began to make arrangements to accomplish the translation of the Record. The first step that he was instructed to take in regard to this work, was to make a *facsimile* of some of the characters, which were called reformed Egyptian, and to send them to some of the most learned men of this generation, and ask them for the translation thereof.

The reader will here observe, that on a preceding page of this volume, I spoke of a confidential friend to whom my husband merely mentioned the existence of the plates, some two or three years prior to their coming forth. This was no other than Martin Harris, one of the witnesses to the book subsequent to its being translated.

With the view of commencing the work of translation, and carrying it forward as speedily as circumstances would permit, Joseph came to me one afternoon and requested me to go to this

Mr. Harris, and inform him that he had got the plates, and that he desired to see Mr. Harris concerning the matter. This, indeed, was an errand which I much disliked, as Mr. Harris's wife was a very peculiar woman, one that was naturally of a very jealous disposition; besides this, she was rather dull of hearing, and when anything was said that she did not hear distinctly, she suspected that it was some secret, which was designedly kept from her. So I told Joseph that I would rather not go, unless I could have the privilege of speaking to her first upon the subject. To this he consented, and I went according to his request.

On arriving at Mr. Harris's, I cautiously detailed the particulars with regard to Joseph's finding the plates, so far as wisdom dictated and necessity demanded, in order to satisfy Mrs. Harris's curiosity. However, she did not wait for me to get through with my story, before she commenced urging upon me a considerable amount of money, that she had at her command. Her husband always allowed her to keep a private purse, in order to satisfy her singular disposition, and it was this private money that she wished me to receive. She also had a sister living with her who desired me to receive an amount of money, I think some seventy-five dollars, to assist in getting the Record translated.

I told her that I came on no such business, that I did not want her money, and that Joseph would attend to his own affairs; but, that I would like to talk to Mr. Harris a moment, and then return home, as my family would soon be expecting me. Yet, notwithstanding all this, she was determined to assist in the business, for she said she knew that we should want money, and she could spare two hundred dollars as well as not.

After detaining me a few minutes, she went with me to her husband, and I told him that I wished to speak to him. He replied, that he was not going to stop his work, for he was just laying the last brick in his hearth.

"You see," said he, "this is the last work I have to do on the house, and it is the last work I shall do about the house, or on the farm, in one year. And when this is done, I am going to hire a hand to work a year for me, as I shall travel that length of time before I shall settle myself at home again."

After completing the work in which he was engaged, he left

the house, but was absent only a short time. On returning, he came to me and said, "Now I am a free man—my hands are altogether untied—I can come and go and do as I please."

I related, in short, the errand on which I had come. He said, that he would see Joseph in the course of a few days. At this his wife exclaimed, "Yes, and I am coming to see him, too, and I will be there on Tuesday afternoon, and will stop over night."

Accordingly, when Tuesday afternoon arrived, Mrs. Harris made her appearance, and as soon as she was well seated, she began to importune my son relative to the truth of what he had said concerning the Record, declaring that if he really had any plates, she would see them, and that she was determined to help him publish them.

He told her she was mistaken—that she could not see them, for he was not permitted to exhibit them to any one, except those whom the Lord should appoint to testify of them. "And, in relation to assistance," he observed, "I always prefer dealing with men, rather than their wives."

This highly displeased Mrs. Harris, for she considered herself altogether superior to her husband, and she continued her importunities. She would say, "Now, Joseph, are you not telling me a lie? Can you look full in my eye, and say before God, that you have in reality found a Record, as you pretend?"

To this, Joseph replied, rather indifferently, "Why, yes, Mrs. Harris, I would as soon look you in the face, and say so as not, if that will be any gratification to you."

Then, said she, "Joseph, I will tell you what I will do, if I can get a witness that you speak the truth, I will believe all you say about the matter, and I shall want to do something about the translation—I mean to help you any way."

This closed the evening's conversation. The next morning, soon after she arose, she related a very remarkable dream which she said she had had during the night. It ran about as follows: She said that a personage appeared to her, who told her, that as she had disputed the servant of the Lord, and said his word was not to be believed, and had also asked him many improper questions, she had done that which was not right in the sight of God.

After which he said to her, "Behold, here are the plates, look upon them, and believe."

After giving us an account of her dream, she described the Record very minutely, then told us that she had made up her mind in relation to the course which she intended to pursue; namely, that she had in her possession twenty-eight dollars which she received from her mother just before she died, while she was on her death bed, and that Joseph should accept of it. If he would, he might give his note, but he should certainly take it upon some terms.

The last proposal Joseph accepted, in order to get rid of further importunity upon the subject.

Soon afterwards, Alva Hale, Joseph's brother-in-law, came to our house, from Pennsylvania, for the purpose of moving Joseph to his father-in-law's, as word had been sent to them, that Joseph desired to move there as soon as he could settle up his business. During the short interval of Alva's stay with us, he and Joseph were one day in Palmyra, at a public-house, transacting some business. As they were thus engaged, Mr. Harris came in: he stepped immediately up to my son, and taking him by the hand, said, "How do you do, Mr. Smith." After which, he took a bag of silver from his pocket, and said again, "Here, Mr. Smith, is fifty dollars; I give this to you to do the Lord's work with; no, I give it to the Lord for his own work."

"No," said Joseph, "We will give you a note, Mr. Hale, I presume, will sign it with me."

"Yes," said Alva, "I will sign it."

Mr. Harris, however, insisted that he would give the money to the Lord, and called those present to witness the fact that he gave it freely, and did not demand any compensation, that it was for the purpose of helping Mr. Smith to do the Lord's work. And as I have been informed, many were present on that occasion, who witnessed the same circumstance.

Joseph, in a short time, arranged his affairs, and was ready for the journey. The Record and breast-plate, for security, he nailed up in a box and then put them into a strong cask; and after filling the cask with beans, headed it up again.

When it became generally known that Joseph was about moving to Pennsylvania, a mob of fifty men collected themselves to-

gether, and they went to Dr. McIntyre, and requested him to take the command of the company, stating, that they were resolved on following "Joe Smith," and taking his "gold Bible" from him. The doctor's ideas and feelings did not altogether harmonize with theirs, and he told them they were a pack of devilish fools, and to go home and mind their own business; that, if Joseph Smith had any business of that sort to attend to, he was capable of doing it, and that it would be better for them to busy themselves about that which more concerned them.

After this, a quarrel arose among them respecting who should be captain, and it ran so high that it broke up the expedition.

* * * * *

When Joseph had had a sufficient time to accomplish the journey, and transcribe some of the Egyptian characters, it was agreed that Martin Harris should follow him—and that he (Martin) should take the characters to the East, and, on his way, he was to call on all the professed linguists, in order to give them an opportunity to display their talents in giving a translation of the characters.

When Mrs. Harris heard of what her husband had in contemplation, she resolved to accompany him; but he, concluding that it would be better to go without her, left quite suddenly without her knowledge, in company with my son Hyrum.

Mrs. Harris soon missed her husband, and came to me for the purpose of ascertaining if I knew where he was. I told her what he had said concerning his leaving, suppressing, however, his remarks pertaining to herself.

On hearing this, she became highly exasperated, and charged me with planning the whole affair. I protested against it, asserting that I had nothing to do with the plan, nor the execution of it. Furthermore, that the business of a house, which was the natural cares of a woman, was all that I attempted to dictate, or interfere with, unless it was by my husband's or son's request.

Mrs. Harris then observed that she had property, and knew how to take care of it, which she would convince me of.

"Now, stop" said I, "do you not know that we have never asked you for money or property? and that if we had been disposed to take advantage of your liberality, could we not have obtained

at least, two hundred and seventy dollars of your cash?" She answered in the affirmative, notwithstanding she went home in a great rage, determined to have satisfaction for the treatment which she had received.

In a short time Mr. Harris returned, and his wife's anger kindled afresh at his presence, insomuch that she prepared a separate bed and room for him, which room she refused to enter.

A young man by the name of Dikes, had been paying some attention to Miss Lucy, Martin Harris's oldest daughter. To this young man Mr. Harris was quite attached, and his daughter Lucy was by no means opposed to him; but Mrs. Harris, of course, was decidedly upon the negative. However, just at this crisis, a scheme entered her brain which materially changed her deportment to Mr. Dikes. She told him, if he would manage to get the Egyptian characters from Mr. Harris's possession, and procure a room in Palmyra for the purpose of transcribing them, and then bring her the transcript, that she would consent to his marriage with her daughter Lucy.

To this, Mr. Dikes cheerfully consented, and suffice it to say, he succeeded to her satisfaction, and thus received the promised reward.

When Mr. Harris began to make preparations to start for Pennsylvania the second time, with the view of writing for Joseph, his wife told him that she had fully decreed in her heart to accompany him. Mr. Harris, having no particular objections, informed her that she might do so; that she might go and stay one, or two weeks, and then he would bring her home again, after which he would return, and resume his writing for Joseph. To this she cheerfully agreed. But Mr. Harris little suspected what he had to encounter by this move. The first time he exhibited the characters before named, she took out of her pocket an exact copy of the same; and told those present, that "Joe Smith" was not the only one who was in possession of this great curiosity, that she had the same characters, and, they were quite as genuine as those shown by Mr. Harris. This course she continued to pursue, until they arrived at Joseph's.

As soon as she arrived there, she informed him that her object in coming, was to see the plates, and that she would never

leave until she had accomplished it. Accordingly, without delay, she commenced ransacking every nook and corner about the house—chests, trunks, cupboards, etc.; consequently, Joseph was under the necessity of removing both the breast-plate and the Record from the house, and secreting them elsewhere. Not finding them in the house, she concluded that Joseph had buried them, and the next day she commenced searching out of doors, which she continued to do until about two o'clock p. m. She then came in rather ill-natured; after warming herself a little, she asked Joseph's wife if there were snakes in that country in the winter. She replied in the negative. Mrs. Harris then said, "I have been walking round in the woods to look at the situation of your place, and as I turned round to come home, a tremendous black snake stuck up his head before me, and commenced hissing at me."

The woman was so perplexed and disappointed in all her undertakings, that she left the house and took lodgings during her stay in Pennsylvania with a near neighbor, to whom she stated that the day previous she had been hunting for the plates, and that, after a tedious search, she at length came to a spot where she judged, from the appearance of things, they must be buried; but upon stooping down to scrape away the snow and leaves, in order to ascertain the fact, she encountered a horrible black snake which gave her a terrible fright, and she ran with all possible speed to the house.

While this woman remained in the neighborhood, she did all that lay in her power to injure Joseph in the estimation of his neighbors—telling them that he was a grand impostor, and, that by his specious pretensions, he had seduced her husband into the belief that he (Joseph Smith) was some great one, merely through a design upon her husband's property.

When she returned home, being about two weeks after her arrival in Harmony, the place where Joseph resided, she endeavored to dissuade her husband from taking any further part in the publication of the Record; however, Mr. Harris paid no attention to her, but returned and continued writing.

Immediately after Martin Harris left home for Pennsylvania, his wife went from place to place, and from house to house, telling her grievances, and declaring that Joseph Smith was practic-

ing a deception upon the people, which was about to strip her of all that she possessed, and that she was compelled to deposit a few things away from home in order to secure them. So she carried away her furniture, linen, and bedding; also other moveable articles, until she nearly stripped the premises of everything that could conduce either to comfort or convenience, depositing them with those of her friends and acquaintances, in whom she reposed sufficient confidence to assure her of their future safety.

CHAPTER XXV.

MARTIN HARRIS IS PERMITTED TO TAKE THE MANUSCRIPT HOME WITH HIM—HE LOSES IT—THE SEASON OF MOURNING WHICH ENSUED.

Martin Harris, having written some one hundred and sixteen pages for Joseph, asked permission of my son to carry the manuscript home with him, in order to let his wife read it, as he hoped it might have a salutary effect upon her feelings.

Joseph was willing to gratify his friend as far as he could consistently, and he inquired of the Lord to know if he might do as Martin Harris had requested, but was refused. With this, Mr. Harris was not altogether satisfied, and, at his urgent request, Joseph inquired again, but received a second refusal. Still, Martin Harris persisted as before, and Joseph applied again, but the last answer was not like the two former ones. In this, the Lord permitted Martin Harris to take the manuscript home with him, on condition that he would exhibit it to none, save five individuals whom he had mentioned, and who belonged to his own family.

Mr. Harris was delighted with this, and bound himself in a written covenant of the most solemn nature, that he would strictly comply with the injunctions which he had received. Which being done, he took the manuscript and went home.

Joseph did not suspect but that his friend would keep his faith, consequently, he gave himself no uneasiness with regard to the matter.

Shortly after Mr. Harris left, Joseph's wife became the mother of a son, which, however, remained with her but a short time before it was snatched from her arms by the hand of death. And the mother seemed, for some time, more like sinking with her

infant into the mansion of the dead, than remaining with her husband among the living. Her situation was such for two weeks, that Joseph slept not an hour in undisturbed quiet. At the expiration of this time she began to recover, but as Joseph's anxiety about her began to subside, another cause of trouble forced itself upon his mind. Mr. Harris had been absent nearly three weeks, and Joseph had received no intelligence whatever from him, which was altogether aside of the arrangement when they separated. But Joseph kept his feelings from his wife, fearing that if she became acquainted with them it might agitate her too much.

In a few days, however, she mentioned the subject herself, and desired her husband to go and get her mother to stay with her, while he should repair to Palmyra, for the purpose of learning the cause of Mr. Harris's absence as well as silence. At first Joseph objected, but seeing her so cheerful, and so willing to have him leave home, he finally consented.

He set out in the first stage that passed for Palmyra, and, when he was left to himself, he began to contemplate the course which Martin had taken, and the risk which he (Joseph) had run in letting the manuscript go out of his own hands—for it could not be obtained again, in case Martin had lost it through transgression, except by the power of God, which was something Joseph could hardly hope for—and that, by persisting in his entreaties to the Lord, he had perhaps fallen into transgression, and thereby lost the manuscript. When, I say, he began to contemplate these things, they troubled his spirit, and his soul was moved with fearful apprehensions. And, although he was now nearly worn out, sleep fled from his eyes, neither had he any desire for food, for he felt that he had done wrong, and how great his condemnation was he did not know.

Only one passenger was in the stage besides himself: this man observing Joseph's gloomy appearance, inquired the cause of his affliction, and offered to assist him if his services would be acceptable. Joseph thanked him for his kindness, and mentioned that he had been watching some time with a sick wife and child, that the child had died, and that his wife was still very low; but refrained from giving any further explanation. Nothing more passed between them upon this subject, until Joseph was about leaving the stage;

at which time he remarked, that he still had twenty miles further to travel on foot that night, it being then about ten o'clock. To this the stranger objected, saying, "I have watched you since you first entered the stage, and I know that you have neither slept nor eaten since that time, and you shall not go on foot twenty miles alone this night; for, if you must go, I will be your company. Now tell me what can be the trouble that makes you thus dispirited?"

Joseph replied, about as before—that he had left his wife in so low a state of health, that he feared he should not find her alive when he returned; besides, he had buried his first and only child but a few days previous. This was true, though there was another trouble lying at his heart, which he dared not to mention.

The stranger then observed, "I feel to sympathize with you, and I fear that your constitution, which is evidently not strong, will be inadequate to support you. You will be in danger of falling asleep in the forest, and of meeting with some awful disaster."

Joseph again thanked the gentleman for his kindness, and, leaving the stage, they proceeded together. When they reached our house it was nearly daylight. The stranger said he was under the necessity of leading Joseph the last four miles by the arm; for nature was too much exhausted to support him any longer, and he would fall asleep as he was walking along, every few minutes, towards the last of this distance.

On entering our house, the stranger remarked that he had brought our son through the forest, because he had insisted on coming, that he was sick, and needed rest, as well as refreshment, and that he ought to have some pepper tea to warm his stomach. After thus directing us, relative to our son, he said, that when we had attended to Joseph he would thank us for a little breakfast for himself, as he was in haste to be on his journey again.

When Joseph had taken a little nourishment, according to the directions of the stranger, he requested us to send immediately for Mr. Harris. This we did without delay. And when we had given the stranger his breakfast, we commenced preparing breakfast for the family; and we supposed that Mr. Harris would be there, as soon as it was ready, to eat with us, for he generally came in such haste when he was sent for. At eight o'clock we

set the victuals on the table, as we were expecting him every moment. We waited till nine, and he came not—till ten, and he was not there—till eleven, still he did not make his appearance. But at half past twelve we saw him walking with a slow and measured tread towards the house, his eyes fixed thoughtfully upon the ground. On coming to the gate, he stopped, instead of passing through, and got upon the fence, and sat there some time with his hat drawn over his eyes. At length he entered the house. Soon after which we sat down to the table, Mr. Harris with the rest. He took up his knife and fork as if he were going to use them but immediately dropped them. Hyrum, observing this, said "Martin, why do you not eat; are you sick?" Upon which, Mr. Harris pressed his hands upon his temples, and cried out in a tone of deep anguish, "Oh, I have lost my soul! I have lost my soul!"

Joseph who had not expressed his fears till now, sprang from the table, exclaiming, "Martin, have you lost that manuscript? have you broken your oath, and brought down condemnation upon my head as well as your own?"

"Yes; it is gone," replied Martin, "and I know not where."

"Oh, my God!" said Joseph, clinching his hands. "All is lost! all is lost! What shall I do? I have sinned—it is I who tempted the wrath of God. I should have been satisfied with the first answer which I received from the Lord; for he told me that it was not safe to let the writing go out of my possession." He wept and groaned, and walked the floor continually.

At length he told Martin to go back and search again.

"No," said Martin, "it is all in vain; for I have ripped open beds and pillows; and I know it is not there."

"Then must I," said Joseph, "return with such a tale as this? I dare not do it. And how shall I appear before the Lord? Of what rebuke am I not worthy from the angel of the Most High?"

I besought him not to mourn so, for perhaps the Lord would forgive him, after a short season of humiliation and repentance. But what could I do to comfort him, when he saw all the family in the same situation of mind as himself; for sobs and groans, and the most bitter lamentations filled the house. However, Joseph was more distressed than the rest, as he better understood the consequences of disobedience. And he continued, pacing back and

forth, meantime weeping and grieving, until about sunset, when, by persuasion, he took a little nourishment.

The next morning, he set out for home. We parted with heavy hearts, for it now appeared that all which we had so fondly anticipated, and which had been the source of so much secret gratification, had in a moment fled, and fled forever.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MARTIN HARRIS'S PERFDY.

I will now give a sketch of the proceedings of Martin Harris during the time he was absent from Joseph.

After leaving Joseph, he arrived at home with the manuscript in safety. Soon after, he exhibited the manuscript to his wife and family. His wife was so pleased with it, that she gave him the privilege of locking it up in her own set of drawers, which was a special favor, for she had never before this allowed him even the privilege of looking into them. After he had shown the manuscript to those who had a right, according to his oath, to see it, he went with his wife to visit one of her relatives, who lived some ten or fifteen miles distant.

After remaining with them a short time, he returned home, but his wife declined accompanying him back. Soon after his return, a very particular friend of his made him a visit, to whom he related all that he knew concerning the Record. The man's curiosity was much excited, and, as might be expected, he earnestly desired to see the manuscript. Martin was so anxious to gratify his friend, that, although it was contrary to his obligation, he went to the drawer to get the manuscript, but the key was gone. He sought for it some time, but could not find it. Resolved, however, to carry his purpose into execution, he picked the lock, and, in so doing, considerably injured his wife's bureau. He then took out the manuscript, and, after showing it to this friend, he removed it to his own set of drawers, where he could have it at his command. Passing by his oath, he showed it to any good friend that happened to call on him.

When Mrs. Harris returned, and discovered the marred state of her bureau, her irascible temper was excited to the utmost

pitch, and an intolerable storm ensued, which descended with the greatest violence upon the devoted head of her husband.

Having once made a sacrifice of his conscience, Mr. Harris no longer regarded its scruples; so he continued to exhibit the writings, until a short time before Joseph arrived, to any one whom he regarded as prudent enough to keep the secret, except our family, but we were not allowed to set our eyes upon them.

For a short time previous to Joseph's arrival, Mr. Harris had been otherwise engaged, and thought but little about the manuscript. When Joseph sent for him, he went immediately to the drawer where he had left it, but, behold it was gone! He asked his wife where it was. She solemnly averred that she did not know anything respecting it. He then made a faithful search throughout the house, as before related.

The manuscript has never been found; and there is no doubt but Mrs. Harris took it from the drawer, with the view of retaining it, until another translation should be given, then, to alter the original translation, for the purpose of showing a discrepancy between them, and thus make the whole appear to be a deception.

It seemed as though Martin Harris, for his transgression, suffered temporally as well as spiritually. The same day on which the foregoing circumstance took place, a dense fog spread itself over his fields, and blighted his wheat while in the blow, so that he lost about two-thirds of his crop, whilst those fields which lay only on the opposite side of the road, received no injury whatever.

I well remember that day of darkness, both within and without. To us, at least, the heavens seemed clothed with blackness, and the earth shrouded with gloom. I have often said within myself, that if a continual punishment, as severe as that which we experienced on that occasion, were to be inflicted upon the most wicked characters who ever stood upon the footstool of the Almighty—if even their punishment were no greater than that, I should feel to pity their condition.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE URIM AND THUMMIM ARE TAKEN FROM JOSEPH—HE RECEIVES THEM AGAIN.

For nearly two months after Joseph returned to his family,

in Pennsylvania, we heard nothing from him, and becoming anxious about him, Mr. Smith and myself set off to make him a visit. When we came within three-quarters of a mile of the house, Joseph started to meet us, telling his wife, as he left, that father and mother were coming. When he met us, his countenance wore so pleasant an aspect, that I was convinced he had something agreeable to communicate with regard to the work in which he was engaged. When I entered, the first thing which attracted my attention was a red morocco trunk, lying on Emma's bureau, which Joseph shortly informed me contained the Urim and Thummim, and the plates. And, in the evening, he gave us the following relation of what had transpired since our separation:—

"On leaving you," said Joseph, "I returned immediately home. Soon after my arrival, I commenced humbling myself in mighty prayer before the Lord, and, as I was pouring out my soul in supplication to God, that if possible, I might obtain mercy at his hands, and be forgiven of all that I had done contrary to his will, an angel stood before me, and answered me, saying, that I had sinned in delivering the manuscript into the hands of a wicked man, and, as I had ventured to become responsible for his faithfulness, I would of necessity have to suffer the consequences of his indiscretion, and I must now give up the Urim and Thummim into his (the angel's) hands.

"This I did as I was directed, and as I handed them to him, he remarked, 'If you are very humble and penitent, it may be you will receive them again; if so, it will be on the twenty-second of next September.'"

Joseph then related a revelation which he received soon after the angel visited him. A part of which is as follows:—

"Behold, you have been entrusted with these things, but how strict were your commandments; and remember, also, the promises which were made to you, if you did not transgress them; and behold, how oft you have transgressed the commandments and the laws of God, and have gone on in the persuasions of men. For behold, you should not have feared man more than God, although men set at nought the counsels of God, and despise his words; yet you should have been faithful and he would have extended his arm and supported you against all the fiery darts of the adversary; and he would have been with you in every time of trouble. Behold, thou art Joseph, and thou wast chosen to do the work of the Lord, but because of transgression, if thou art not aware, thou wilt fall. But remember, God is merciful; therefore, repent of that which

thou hast done which is contrary to the commandment which I gave you, and thou art still chosen, and art again called to the work. Except thou do this, thou shalt be delivered up and become as other men, and have no more gift. And when thou deliveredst up that which God had given thee sight and power to translate, thou deliveredst up that which was sacred into the hands of a wicked man, who has set at nought the counsels of God, and has broken the most sacred promises which were made before God, and has depended upon his own judgment, and boasted in his own wisdom, and this is the reason that thou hast lost thy privileges for a season, for thou hast suffered the counsel of thy director to be trampled upon from the beginning. Nevertheless my work shall go forth, for inasmuch as the knowledge of a Savior has come unto the world, through the testimony of the Jews, even so shall the knowledge of a Savior come unto my people."

For the sake of brevity, I have omitted part of this revelation, but the reader will find it in the *Doctrine and Covenants*, section 3: 5-16.

I will now return to Joseph's recital.

"After the angel left me," said he, "I continued my supplications to God, without cessation, and on the twenty-second of September, I had the joy and satisfaction of again receiving the Urim and Thummim, with which I have again commenced translating, and Emma writes for me, but the angel said that the Lord would send me a scribe, and I trust his promise will be verified. The angel seemed pleased with me when he gave me back the Urim and Thummim, and he told me that the Lord loved me, for my faithfulness and humility."

A few months after Joseph received them, he inquired of the Lord, and obtained the following revelation:—

"Now, behold, I say unto you, that because you delivered up those writings which you had power given unto you to translate, by the means of the Urim and Thummim, into the hands of a wicked man, you have lost them; and you also lost your gift at the same time, and your mind became darkened; nevertheless, it is now restored unto you again, therefore, see that you are faithful and continue on unto the finishing of the remainder of the work of translation as you have begun. Do not run faster, or labor more than you have strength and means provided to enable you to translate; but be diligent unto the end: pray always, that you may come off conqueror; yea, that you may conquer Satan, and that you may escape the hands of the servants of Satan that do uphold his work.

Behold, they have sought to destroy you; yea, even the man in whom you have trusted, has sought to destroy you. And for this cause I said that he is a wicked man, for he has sought to take away the things where-with you have been entrusted; and he has also sought to destroy your gift; and because you have delivered the writings into his hands, behold, wicked men have taken them from you. Therefore, you have delivered them up; yea, that which was sacred, unto wickedness. And, behold, Satan has put it into their hearts to alter the words which you have caused to be written, or which you have translated, which have gone out of your hands. And, behold, I say unto you, that because they have altered the words, they read contrary from that which you translated and caused to be written; and, on this wise, the devil has sought to lay a cunning plan, that he may destroy this work. For he has put it into their hearts to do this, that by lying they may say they have caught you in the words which you have pretended to translate."—*Doctrine and Covenants*, section x: 1-14.

While on this visit, we became acquainted with Emma's father, whose name was Isaac Hale; also his family, which consisted of his wife, Elizabeth; his sons, Jesse, David, Alva, Isaac Ward, and Reuben; and his daughters, Phebe and Elizabeth.

They were an intelligent and highly respectable family. They were pleasantly situated, and lived in good style, in the town of Harmony, on the Susquehannah river, within a short distance of the place where Joseph resided.

The time of our visit with them, we passed very agreeably, and returned home relieved of a burden which was almost insupportable, and our present joy far overbalanced all our former grief.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

OLIVER COWDERY COMMENCES WRITING FOR JOSEPH—THEY ATTEND TO THE ORDINANCE OF BAPTISM.

When Mr. Smith, and myself arrived at home, we found Samuel and Sophronia very sick, indeed, they were so low that Hyrum had left his own house, and quitted business, in order to take care of them during our absence. They continued sick a length of time—Samuel did not altogether recover for a number of months.

Soon after we returned from Harmony, a man by the name of

Lyman Cowdery, came into the neighborhood, and applied to Hyrum, (as he was one of the trustees,) for the district school. A meeting of the trustees was called, and Mr. Cowdery was employed. But the following day, this Mr. Cowdery brought his brother Oliver to the trustees, and requested them to receive him instead of himself, as circumstances had transpired which rendered it necessary for him to disappoint them, or which would not allow of his attending to the school himself; and he would warrant the good conduct of the school under his brother's supervision. All parties being satisfied, Oliver, commenced his school, boarding for the time being at our house. He had been in the school but a short time, when he began to hear from all quarters concerning the plates, and as soon began to importune Mr. Smith upon the subject, but for a considerable length of time did not succeed in eliciting any information. At last, however, he gained my husband's confidence, so far as to obtain a sketch of the facts relative to the plates.

Shortly after receiving this information, he told Mr. Smith that he was highly delighted with what he had heard, that he had been in a deep study upon the subject all day, and that it was impressed upon his mind, that he should yet have the privilege of writing for Joseph. Furthermore, that he had determined to pay him a visit at the close of the school, which he was then teaching.

On coming in on the following day, he said, "The subject upon which we were yesterday conversing seems working in my very bones, and I cannot, for a moment, get it out of my mind; finally, I have resolved on what I will do. Samuel, I understand, is going down to Pennsylvania to spend the spring with Joseph; I shall make my arrangements to be ready to accompany him thither, by the time he recovers his health; for I have made it a subject of prayer, and I firmly believe that it is the will of the Lord that I should go. If there is a work for me to do in this thing, I am determined to attend to it."

Mr. Smith told him, that he supposed it was his privilege to know whether this was the case, and advised him to seek for a testimony for himself, which he did, and received the witness spoken of in the Book of *Doctrine and Covenants*, section viii.

From this time, Oliver was so completely absorbed in the subject of the Record, that it seemed impossible for him to think or converse about anything else.

As the time for which we had agreed for the place was now drawing to a close, we began to make preparations to remove our family and effects to the house in which Hyrum resided. We now felt more keenly than ever the injustice of the measure which had placed a landlord over us on our own premises, and who was about to eject us from them.

This I thought would be a good occasion for bringing to Oliver's mind, the cause of all our present privations, as well as the misfortunes which he himself was liable to if he should turn his back upon the world, and set out in the service of God.

"Now, Oliver," said I, "see what a comfortable home we have had here, what pains each child we have has taken to provide for us every thing necessary to make old age comfortable, and long life desirable. Here, especially, I look upon the handiwork of my beloved Alvin, who even upon his death-bed, and in his last moments, charged his brothers to finish his work of preparing a place of earthly rest for us; that if it were possible, through the exertions of the children, our last days might be our best days. Indeed, there is scarcely anything which I here see, that has not passed through the hands of that faithful boy, and afterwards, by his brothers, been arranged precisely according to his plan, thus showing to me, their affectionate remembrance, both of their parents, and of the brother whom they loved. All these tender recollections render our present trial doubly severe, for these dear relics must now pass into the hands of wicked men, who fear not God, and regard not man. And upon what righteous principle has all this been brought about? Have they ever lifted a finger to earn any part of that which they now claim? I tell you they have not. Yet I now give up all this for the sake of Christ and salvation, and I pray God to help me to do so, without a murmur or a tear. In the strength of God, I say, that from this time forth, I will not cast one longing look upon anything which I now leave behind me. However, in consequence of these things, Oliver, we cannot make you comfortable any longer, and you will be under the necessity of taking boarding somewhere else."

"Mother," exclaimed the young man, "let me stay with you, for I can live in any log hut where you and father live, but I cannot leave you, so do not mention it."

In April, Samuel, and Mr. Cowdery set out for Pennsylvania. The weather, for some time previous, had been very wet and disagreeable—raining, freezing, and thawing alternately, which had rendered the roads almost impassable, particularly in the middle of the day. Notwithstanding, Mr. Cowdery was not to be detained, either by wind or weather, and they persevered until they arrived at Joseph's.

Joseph had been so hurried with his secular affairs, that he could not proceed with his spiritual concerns so fast as was necessary for the speedy completion of the work; there was also another disadvantage under which he labored, his wife had so much of her time taken up with the care of her house, that she could write for him but a small portion of the time. On account of these embarrassments, Joseph called upon the Lord, three days prior to the arrival of Samuel and Oliver, to send him a scribe, according to the promise of the angel; and he was informed that the same should be forthcoming in a few days. Accordingly, when Mr. Cowdery told him the business that he had come upon, Joseph was not at all surprised.

They sat down and conversed together till late. During the evening, Joseph told Oliver his history, as far as was necessary for his present information, in the things which mostly concerned him. And the next morning they commenced the work of translation, in which they were soon deeply engaged.

One morning they sat down to their work, as usual, and the first thing which presented itself through the Urim and Thummim, was a commandment for Joseph and Oliver to repair to the water, and attend to the ordinance of baptism. They did so, and as they were returning to the house, they overheard Samuel engaged in secret prayer. Joseph said, that he considered this as a sufficient testimony of his being a fit subject for baptism; and as they had now received authority to baptize, they spoke to Samuel upon the subject, and he went straightway to the water with them, and was baptized. After which, Joseph and Oliver proceeded with the work of translation as before.

THEISM VS. ATHEISM.

BY RULON M. OWEN.

[One of the features of the preliminary programs, in this season's work of the Y. M. M. I. A., is the reading of short, crisp, original essays, an exercise which should not occupy more than five minutes and which some associations have found very profitable and interesting. The following has been submitted to the ERA as a sample from the Twenty-first Ward, Salt Lake City. It would be a better sample, if it were shorter.—EDITORS.]

The poet wrote that of all God's creations, man alone has said, there is no God. And yet, man is nearest him, being made in his image and by him given dominion over all the creations of the earth. Men, alone, of all his creation, can reach the glory of the Father's perfection. He alone can receive and understand a testimony of his existence, and yet there are men who deny him.

Is disbelief in God born in man? Experience answers, no; positively, no! Every child born into the world seems primarily to believe in a Supreme Being. That there is an intuitive belief in Deity in all mankind is hardly disputed. Until false teaching, misguided reasoning, or wickedness, beclouds the mind, the soul declares there is a God. It is not uncommon for disbelievers in God to admit that they have once believed in him.

To have God pictured as some creeds do, as a monster, cruel, unmerciful and harsh, visiting immediate punishment upon the sinner, may restrain through fear, the child or youth from sin and evil; but, growing older and more courageous, he ventures upon the dangerous ground where these fears are to some extent proved groundless. He finds that he can sin, but feel no immediate punishment. He concludes that if God exists at all, he is unin-

terested in what men are doing. Thus false teaching and misguided reasoning have sown the first seeds of infidelity, and the youth, thinking he has been deceived, feels free from restraint, so far as a divine power is concerned, and naturally develops a tendency toward the gratification of earthly desires and pleasures.

There are a few honorable exceptions, but the greater number of the world's skeptics, infidels and atheists, are composed of disrespecters of law and order, the least desirable of our citizens, and men who gratify human lusts and passions. Their course is marked by a gradual degradation from the time they foolishly say, "There is no God."

Indifference in them is followed by rebellion, and that by sin, profanity, intoxication, corrupt society; and at length the depths of dissipation. Anarchy, in whose breast nestles foul deeds, is the final shrine at which they pay their misdirected homage. The once pure soul now worships at the gates of hell; for the soul, abuse and misguide it as you may, still insists upon being a worshiper, though atheism throw it at the feet of Satan.

Reference has been made to the intuitive belief possessed by all children, and which comes from that Spirit which "enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world;" yet, it would not be true to say that if left without further teaching, the child would arrive at an intelligent conception of the Deity or his purposes. As atheism results from false teaching, so intelligent theism must come from true teaching and research. When man is guided in the truth, he grows to see in life something worth living for. His moral nature develops, becoming strong, as his conception and belief in God is enlarged. Let him understand that God exists, and let his faith develop in that direction, and you need have no fear that he will not observe the law, for he will live above the law. Instead of degradation, his course is a constant advance toward perfection and honor. His path is the path of virtue and morality. He commits no evil, not because he fears a damaging punishment, but because he is striving to carry out in his life the virtues and qualities which he pictures in Deity. He is in every sense a desirable citizen, and theism makes the altar of his worship the throne of God.

There are always exceptions, and we must admit that there

are many whose lives on earth are honorable, and upright, and yet who are not believers in the Supreme Being. What then is the meaning and purpose of life to them? It is a stage, a drama, of which they are the authors and the actors, and when the curtain falls, the end ensues. No future hope, no light beyond, happifies their lives. All through the drama, they labor in gloom and despair, with the thought of darkness and annihilation awaiting them, with no power to avert the impending doom.

Contrast this with the Christian's hope. Life to him is real. From the presence of his Father in Heaven, he has come to do his will; and after performing his part in the drama of earthly life, he expects to return to God where life is more glorious and blissful. While he clings to earth with passionate love, he reconciles himself to death, believing it is by no means the end of light, or the consummation of hope, but the passing into life eternal.

As a disciple of atheism, we have Ingersoll, whose life was clean, whose moral character was noble. Possessed of a brilliant mind, he arose to distinction and honor, yet, at death his infidelity failed him. In reviewing his life, there was no satisfaction, for he had lived in vain; and, as the years advance, his name will be almost forgotten.

On the other side stood our late lamented President. A noble Christian, an honorable statesman, a beloved president and a true gentleman. The inspiration of his being was his belief in God. The motive of his life was the gospel of Jesus as he understood it, and it sustained him to the last. Stricken down by an atheist-anarchist hand, bravely he resigned himself, with the hope of a future life; and, by his dying words, "Good-by all, goodby; it is God's way," he will live in the hearts of future generations as long as time shall last.

Atheism at the last made the plaint of Robert G. Ingersoll, "Goodby friends, goodby forever. I will never see you again."

Theism, at the supreme moment, made William McKinley lisp, "Nearer, my God, to thee."

THE CASTLE BUILDER.

BY NEPHI ANDERSON, AUTHOR OF "ADDED UPON," "MARCUS KING MORMON," ETC.

PART FIRST.

VIII.

CONVALESCENCE.

It was a sad home-coming to Sandstad. Maria had left her isolated and now desolate home, and had taken refuge with her mother and Dagmar, and there her father found her on his return. Harald was yet weak and unable to do hard work. He often went about as if he were dazed or stunned, and when he discovered Maria sitting in some corner, crying, he could not keep the tears back from his own eyes. He had done well at Lofoten up to the time of the great storm. His share was four hundred fish, which, when sold, gave him a considerable sum of money. A large portion of it, he sent to his grandmother, bidding her make such presents to the brothers and Hulda as she thought wise. A small part he placed in the savings bank at Tromso as a beginning for a boat of his own, as his uncle had suggested. He mourned for Johan as if he had been a brother. He had not known many intimate associates, nor enjoyed many close friendships. Johan had been much of an ideal to him. Now, something had gone out of his life. To whom could he talk as he had talked to his cousin? Who would laugh at his mistakes, and then good-naturedly show him his error, as Johan had done many times while learning to fish? He sailed over to Johan's deserted home every day when the weather was fair to tend to the one cow Maria owned.

As the spring months came on, the sail across the narrow

fjord was generally pleasant. The green grass began to grow on the sunny side of the big rocks, and some hardy flowers were shooting their first leaves above the soil.

On warm afternoons, Harald would sit in some sunny nook by Johan's house to let the solitude enwrap him as with a cloak. It was a kind of sad pleasure, to sit thus alone, to dream of his dead cousin. What ambitions that cousin had! Had he lived, he would have been more than a mere fisherman all his life. He had scarcely attended school, yet he knew more of history, and of knowledge in general, than many a schoolmaster. He had not been confirmed, yet he seemed to know vastly more about the Bible than he himself did. Their last conversation on religion and the Bible came to him now as a farewell and a benediction.

One day, Maria and Dagmar went with him. Dagmar did her best to direct the talk to other topics, but the other two insisted on finding something to say about Johan; and when Harald told of their last conversation, and what his cousin had advised him to do, and to be, Dagmar ceased her light-mindedness to listen.

"He reminded me of my grandmother down at Opdal," said Harald, "she used to speak to me like that. She is constantly looking far ahead, to behold wonderful opportunities. One could never get discouraged with grandmother for company; and so it was with cousin Johan. Life was always full of hope for him, as if he could see clearly some brilliant future."

"Which, in his case, has been realized," said Maria with a sob, "but his poor wife and children, what shall become of us?"

It was difficult to say more. Up at the lonely house, Maria went about from place to place with heart-breaking sadness. A box of articles, which had belonged to Johan, stood unopened on the floor. His wife opened it, and took out the things one by one. At the bottom of the box was found Johan's Bible. Maria placed it on the floor beside his watch, and Harald picked it up.

"Give me this, Cousin Maria," said Harald. "I should like a keep-sake too."

Maria took the book, turned over the leaves, and hesitated. "Yes," she said; "I have many more keep-sakes. Take it, Harald." She pressed the book to her lips, then gave it to him.

Another afternoon when Harald was coming home from an

errand to Maria's house, instead of sailing his boat to the usual landing, he headed up the fjord to where a sloop lay anchored close to the shore. From a tall pole on the land floated a white flag, whose meaning he well knew. The sloop was loaded with cod, fresh from the fisheries. On the clean, pebbled beach, at the head of the fjord, the fish were to be cured. The flag was a signal that help was wanted for this work, and, on a nearer approach, he could see that many boys and girls from Sandstad were already busy spreading the split and salted cod on the warm rocks.

Harald sailed up to the sloop, climbed on board to have a chat with the owner, who, however, was on land directing the workers. Harald reentered his boat and soon tied up to the rocks. He went up to the curing grounds. There was a busy scene of life and animation, laughing and shouting. The wooden shoes clattered on the rocks, and the youths' faces were rosy with color. Every heart was glad with the joy of living.

But Harald walked among them, lonesome still. He talked with the master of the vessel, chatted pleasantly with the boys and girls, yet it was a mere outward form. In his soul, he was alone. He walked across the rocky beach to the grass land. Then he climbed a small hill to the level, upland valley. Some distance away, he saw a party of turf-cutters working in the peat-bogs. He caught glimpses of gray-clad forms, with here and there a moving bit of color, red and yellow and blue—the kerchiefs of the girls. As Harald drew nearer, he heard snatches of songs come up from the marsh, and the echo of a peal of laughter came now and then to him through the clear air. Yes, they were all happy down there, though hard at work in the wet, black bog, and well smeared with its grime.

Harald seated himself on a warm rock, for he was not yet strong, and he soon tired. A few, soft, fleecy clouds sailed across the sky. The day was warm. The fjord lay blue and still, curving in and out and around the rock-bound land. The last snow had vanished from the near-by mountain tops, and wherever there was a patch of soil, there was the green grass. The whole earth lay in a soft, warm embrace, and all life on its surface seemed glad.

Yet the young fisherman was not in touch with the day nor its beauties. He seemed apart from it all. The chain of sympathy

which connects us to mother earth and all her creatures, was broken in every link. He seemed absolutely, alone, and oh, what a state to be in! He could have sat there, though surrounded by all the wealth and beauty of earth, and cried all the afternoon.

Listlessly, unwillingly, he moved on down across the bogs to the turf-cutters. One man was down in a hole left from last year's cutting; and, with a sharp, square spade, he was cutting away blocks from the sides of the exposed bog. These blocks he threw out, and they were loaded on barrows and wheeled away to higher ground to dry. Dagmar wheeled a barrow, and her loads were neither small nor light. Yet when Harald came up, she laughingly invited him, if he wished to ride, to take a seat on the topmost turf-block of her load.

"No, thank you," replied Harald.

"Get on. I can wheel you," said Dagmar, and she shook the load until the top pieces tumbled off. Then she put down the handles of her barrow and seated herself on one of them.

"Did you ever do such dirty work as this, Harald?" she asked.

"I have never cut turf," he said.

"Then *you* don't know what hard work is. I believe that we girls in Nordland do more work than the men folks in the South—"

"Or in the North, either. Make no distinctions, and I'll accept your statement."

"Well, our men do have it hard sometimes, on the sea, but I suppose it's no harder than cutting turf. Here, take this load over to the drying-ground. The pile near the pit is getting pretty large."

Harald pushed the barrow along the boards laid over the soft places. It wobbled from side to side, and at last the wheel slipped off into the mud. Then the workers shouted. Harald lifted the wheel back onto the boards and went on again safely to the drying-grounds, where he scattered his turf and returned for more.

"That will do now. You mustn't overwork yourself. See how you are sweating already."

So Dagmar relieved him of the barrow, and he helped to load, during the remainder of the afternoon.

When it was time to go home, Harald explained that his boat was at the landing by the rocky beach, and he would have to go that way.

"Then I'll go with you," said Dagmar, "I would rather sail than walk, every time."

There were, no doubt, others in that company who shared her opinions, but they said nothing, so the two went down the valley towards the boat.

"Did you get your letter?" asked Dagmar.

"What letter?"

The mail came just as I left home this morning, and there was one for you."

"I did not get it. Whom was it from?"

"Well, how should I know? However, it had the Vangen postmark, and you can guess the rest."

"Oh."

They walked along in silence. Harald plucked every blossom he found on the way, and there were yet a few of the dainty marsh-berry flowers on the bog. A letter from Thora—perhaps—it might be from someone else. Father or grandmother might have been at Vangen and mailed the letter there. Thora had answered his letters from Lofoten. Why should she write, she having none of his to answer?

Dagmar stopped to take a stick from her shoe. The light hair went tumbling over her face as she stooped, and the movement brought vividly to Harald's recollection another girl. Dagmar was fair, and full of limb and form. This other girl was darker, tall, and frail of form—and from this the young man went on in his comparisons. *She* was dainty; Dagmar was strong and robust. Her face was pale; his cousin's was rosy with health. She was daughter of a merchant; Dagmar, like himself, was a working-man's child. Yet the thoughts of the far-off Thora did more to drive away the loneliness of the day, than the presence of the fair cousin by his side.

"If you pick any more flowers," said Dagmar, "you'll have to pay extra postage on your letter."

Harald colored. Her aim had been true. He had thought of sending some of them in his next letter. "Here, you have some of them," he laughingly said.

"Thank you—now tell me, Harald, who is that girl at Vangen?"

"You mean the one who wished to know something about Nordland—"

"And the doings of one Harald Einersen? Yes."

"She's the daughter of a merchant down there. Her name is Thora Bernhard. My father has worked much for her father—we were confirmed on the same day. Now, what of it?"

"A merchant's daughter! Rich, too, I suppose! My, my, what a bold cousin I have!"

"Bold; why? Grandmother often told me that we could have anything we wanted in reason and righteousness, if God spared our lives, and we did our part, and—"

He checked himself. What was he saying! But the secret was out. Harald's thoughts had been along that line, and in an instant of forgetfulness, he had spoken from his heart. He had meant to ridicule the idea expressed by Dagmar, but now it was useless. She had his thoughts, and from that moment certain thoughts within her own mind underwent a change. Dagmar seemed not to be disquieted by the expression. She laughed as usual, and placed in her hair some of the flowers that he had given her.

The talk lagged again. At the beach, the cod was lying spread open on the warm rocks, and most of the workers had gone home. There was no wind, so Harald took one oar and Dagmar the other, and they rowed silently down the fjord to the wharf.

That night Harald did not open his letter until he went into his own room. The message was characteristic of the writer. On a heavy, cream-tinted sheet, with wide margins, she had written this:

VANGEN, June 30—

Dear Friend Harald:—

I am coming to Nordland to spend my vacation. Look out for me.

Sincerely,

THORA BERNHARD.

IX.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN—A NEW CASTLE.

The pleasure derived from the receipt of Thora's letter was not altogether unalloyed. The note was so provokingly indefinite.

When would she come? Where would she come? Would she wish to stop at Sandstad? How would Aunt Karen entertain her? It was all very well when one could choose the time, place and conditions of such a meeting, but to come unawares, with them unprepared, might prove very humiliating indeed. Harald sensed his position. Thora had received training in polite society, had gone to the higher schools, had always been surrounded with the comforts, and many elegancies of life. He was a farmer, a fisherman, living their lives. Nordland customs were oftentimes crude—perhaps, however, no cruder than himself. What would Thora think of it all? Would she not go away disgusted?

But the situation must be faced. Thora was coming; and, possibly, right away, so he read the short letter to Aunt Karen, explaining who the visitor was, and then asked for advice. His aunt smiled good naturedly at his agitation.

“Well, if she comes to Sandstad, she shall be welcome,” she said. “We will give her the best we have, and that is all anyone can do.”

The best up-stairs room was vacated, thoroughly cleaned, and left in rigid order, to await the coming of the expected guest.

The larger coast steamers did not stop at Sandstad. Six miles across the island was the port of Ringvik, where the mail steamers, going north and south, touched. From Ringvik small steamers plied among the lesser water-ways, touching at all the small hamlets on the islands and along the mainland. It was hoped that if Miss Bernhard came to Sandstad direct from Ringvik, she would let them know by letter beforehand.

Fully a week passed, yet nothing was heard of the expected visitor. Harald's nerves had settled somewhat. He having had time to add some needed articles to his wardrobe, and to trim himself, as the occasion suggested. From his window, he could see the landing, and on the semi-weekly mail days, he watched the steamer closely to see if any one came on shore. Twice he had had a change of clothing ready but each time there was no need of getting rid of his usual work-day attire.

The creek that flows into the sea at Sandstad comes tumbling over its rocky bed with much violence, and the energy thus exhibited is utilized by the Nordlanders of the village in running

their primitive flour mills. Up the stream a few rods, apart stand a number of small, one-roomed log huts. Through the floor of each of these huts protrudes a beam which reaches down to the water. The lower end of the beam is furnished with arms or paddles, against which the water is directed. The beam turning, turns one of the mill-stones in the room above, and thus barley is ground.

One afternoon, Harald shouldered a sack of barley and started out to fill up the box that the mill might grind all night. As he paused for breath, on the top of a somewhat steep rise in the road, he saw, coming down the opposite hill, on a fast trot, Uncle Erik in his two-wheeled cart. Beside his uncle sat Thora Bernhard. Harald's first thought was to get away somewhere out of sight, but both had seen him, so that would be useless. He placed his sack of barley on the side of the road, and seating himself on it awaited results. The cart rattled up and with a p-r-r-r, the horse was stopped. Harald's face was full of color, though he tried hard to check it. Thora held out her gloved hand and said, "How are you," in quite a formal manner.

"I've reached here, you see," she continued. "I met your uncle at Ringvik. He said I would have to wait there until tomorrow, there being no boat earlier. Then I asked him how he was going home, and he spoke depreciatingly of his good horse and cart here—why, I wouldn't have missed this delightful ride over the island for a great deal."

"You have been considerably shaken," suggested the driver.

"Not a bit. It has been fine—where are you going with that sack, Harald? Here, I'll get out and you may then place your load by my valise."

She jumped out of the cart before he could remonstrate. Then, when he had explained, she said:

"So that's your mill, is it? I should very much like to see it. May I go with you? Mr. Svensen will take my baggage to the house, wont you, and I'll go along with Harald."

So Uncle Erik drove off and left them together. Harald shouldered his barley and they soon reached the mill, where the grist was emptied into a large box from which a small stream of grain ran into the opening in the center of the revolving mill-

stone. Thora was very much interested in what she saw, and cared little for the considerable flour dust on her clothing. She, of course, did not notice Harald's odd Nordland's dress, nor his wooden shoes—he wore wooden shoes around the house only, not usually when there was company to entertain. Harald found little to say. What a change the year had brought in her! She was a full-grown woman, more beautiful than ever. Her thin face had become fuller. Her dark hair was long and lay coiled up under the small cap. She was the Thora of his dreams, and he, he, also must have changed, not much for the better—a clod-hopper still!

"I am pleased to see you looking so well, Harald, You have had quite a time getting over your illness, I understand!"

"I'm getting quite strong now, yes, thank you; and how are you and all the folks in the south?"

Harald had finished his errand. He should have taken a sack of flour home with him, but this he neglected. They walked down the road together, and there was much peeping through windows at them as they passed.

"Father said I studied too hard last winter, and I agreed with him that a trip to Nordland would do me good. Your letters began it, and I am glad of it. I've had a splendid time thus far. I never appreciated the truth of Bjornson's poem before when he likens our many islands around the coast to water fowls swimming around their mother. . . . * * * * *

"But now, I must remember your grandmother. She keeps up wonderfully well—and she's a philosopher, too, isn't she? I get her into my room everytime she comes to Vangen, and loosen her stock of wisdom by coffee and cake. It's the best talk I ever hear; it makes one feel that nothing in this world is too good for us, or beyond our reach."

"I am glad she is well."

"Your brother Holger is a big, stout boy, Jens herds the sheep, I understand, and Hulda is growing to be quite a girl. Your father is getting along well, I believe."

Aunt Karen and the cousins received Thora with the respect due her station. In the sitting room that evening, Uncle Erik was considerate enough not to fill the air with tobacco smoke. Dagmar and Maria did not appear in dresses in anyway stained with

bog and out-door work. Harald had donned the neat, brown clothes which he had recently obtained. Thora was dressed in a very simple becoming suit of gray.

"And are you traveling this long distance alone?" asked Aunt Karen, solicitously.

"O no; I left father at Namsos, and will join him again at Tromsø.

"So you think the country up here is worth looking at, do you?" enquired Uncle Erik.

"Ah, I think it's just grand!"

"Well, may be it is. The summer is well enough, I suppose, and especially to tourists whose living doesn't depend on the condition of the weather, but I sometimes think the icy pole is slowly creeping down farther upon us, and will in time crowd us out. It's often a hard life up here in Nordland, Miss Bernhard."

"But I was surprised to see the richness of your vegetation," continued Thora." "I saw fields of barley and potatoes when crossing the island today. The hills were covered with birch-trees, and in the open spaces there was much grass, and a profusion of many-colored flowers."

"Yes," replied Maria, "it is true as father says that life is oftentimes hard, but for all that we who have lived here all our lives love our home, and would not change it for any other in the world. I once went south as far as Christiania, but the low hills and flat country soon wearied me, and I was glad to return to the wild, rocky land, the winding fjords, and the innumerable Islands of Nordland."

"Tut, tut," exclaimed the father, "a little imagination and romance. I always look at the real side of life."

"I have noticed, however," replied Maria, "that the people who get tired of Nordland and move away, always return again."

"Always? How about Lars Haling?"

"Ah, well he went to America."

"That's where we all ought to go. What do you think, Miss Bernhard, about going to America?"

"I—I don't know; Norway is good enough for me, just now."

The talk went cherrily on until Aunt Karen came to her rescue, as she had to Harald's the first evening he spent in Sandstad. She led her up to the neatly painted room above.

Next morning there was threatening rain, but Thora urged Dagmar to take her out on the fjord and teach her how to fish with the Nordland *pilk*, or tin-bait. Harald might go along to row, she said. Dagmar readily agreed to this, so after the morning's work was finished, the three set out for the boat-house. Waterproofs were brought along in case wet weather might overtake them, and Harald carried their lines. Harald obediently took the oars, as he was good-naturedly commanded to do, and soon the boat was out in good fishing water. Dagmar then sank her line with the heavy tin-fish sinker down to the bottom, then drew it up an arm's length. She instructed Thora how to do the same. Harald rested on his oars and looked on. Then the pupil was instructed how to let the line slowly fall, then to jerk it upward swiftly. It was explained that the fish, seeing the glitter of the descending sinker, would take it for a small fish, and would make a dart for it. The swift upward movement would catch the fish on one of the two sharp hooks protruding from the lower end of the tin-bait.

Thora established herself well in the opinion of the people of Sandstad, and especially in the household of Erik Svensen. She was neither vain of mind nor showy in dress. She entered pleasantly into their daily affairs, and very much appreciated the efforts put forth to entertain her.

The days went rapidly, to Harald, as in a dream; and then the week was up and Thora must leave.

Then Harald awoke. Thora was going—and what of it? She could not stay at Sandstad forever. Her father would be waiting for her at Tromsø. What was it to Harald Einersen, the fisherman? Had it been Harald Einersen the—well something else, it might have made some difference, but now it possibly could not. Thora was going and she did not seem to care, she would not understand how he would feel it. She was going—going out of his life—perhaps forever. The gulf between them was too deep.

Then it came to him with the force of a shock: what had he done to bridge this gulf? What progress had he made to arise to her level? She might think much of him, yet she was helpless in the matter. It was he that must move, and that rapidly, if ever they should stand on equality. What puny castles he had built!

The owner of a boat—the master of four men at Lofoten:—that had been the extent of it! What a boy he had been! But now he was a man. Now he would be a man, and do manly things. If it were not now too late! Thora was going. The pleasant day was over. Night was coming, a cold, dark Nordland night. Yet she had been a constant inspiration to him. She could still continue to be that, even if nothing more than a will-o'-the-wisp to lead him on.

Then cousin Johan's words came again to him. They rang in his ears as a voice from the ocean. They spoke to him like an echo from over the hills of eternity. They stirred his heart as it had never been stirred before, and then and there, Harald Eiersen projected another castle, and made a solemn vow that, with God's help, he would yet complete it from foundation stones to pinnacle.

Thora was to board the coast steamer at Lundholm, a small port a few miles from Sandstad. The steamer was due at Lundholm about midnight, and Harald was to take the passenger there in his sail boat. Dagmar said she would go along, too, but Thora said no. She bade them farewell with invitations for them to pay her a visit at Vangen some day. Harald carried her valise to the boat, helped her in, spread the sail to the breeze, and away they sailed.

"I have had such a good time, Harald, and I am ever so much obliged to you all. I'll tell grandmother all about it, when I reach home."

"When do you expect to return to Vangen?"

"From Tromsø, I'm going to North Cape with papa, and then I suppose we shall return directly home."

Thora trailed her fingers through the water, and looked down into the green waves as she asked: "Are you going to Lofoten next winter?"

"Yes; that's the place to earn money, and I must have some."

"I suppose you will want to own a boat like your Uncle Erik?"

"No; I want money to go to school. I'm going to school all I can just fish long enough to keep me supplied with means."

"And then?"

"I don't know. Be something more than a mere fisherman, at least."

"You'll want to graduate. That will take a long time."

"Four or five years for that—ten for what I want to be."

"That's a long time—" she had no idea of what he was thinking.

"Yes; but it takes persons who are at the bottom of the ladder longer to reach the top than those who are already half way up."

"That depends on the rate traveled by each."

"True; and the strength of the power that draws one on."

The boat rounded a headland, and Lundholm was in sight.

"I think likely that I am through with school for a while," said she. Father wishes me to accompany him to England and perhaps farther, this fall, and I may be away for years."

He was silent. It was too true, then, that she was going, going for good. Why didn't she say so, and be done with it? Why had she come to Nordland? He would give her back the withered rose. He could keep it no longer. He took it from between the leaves of his note book. She was looking at him, and he hesitated with nervousness; but retreat he would not now. She was sitting with her back to the sail, directly facing him. He placed the rose in her lap, saying nothing.

"What is it?" she asked.

"A rose."

"A rose—and all withered. Where did you get it?"

"You gave it to me, and now I suppose you want it back."

"I—yes—now I remember. O, Harald, don't you want it?" Her voice trembled.

"Yes, but—but—what's the use, Thora. You don't care for me. Why should I keep it as a continual reminder of—of my foolishness—call it what you will."

"Don't say that, Harald."

"What else can I say. You are going away. I may never see you again. I have been foolish in thinking about you as I have, but I imagined that you loved me, something that you have done, trifling things, have led me to believe it. You have been to me as yonder Polar star is to the mariner, but now—"

"And why may I not be so still, Harald?" There were tears in her eyes now. "The Polar star never changes."

The hour of midnight approaches. The sun sinks down be-

hind the sea, yet it is as light as in the shade of noon-day. The breeze is gentle, and the sea is 'still, save for the shining swells which softly rise and fall. Then the sun comes forth again. First appears its upper curved edge, then more and more seemingly it rocks and bobs up and down on the waves until it rises above the sea—a round, blood-red disk, making a shining path from the horizon to the boat, a path paved with shimmering blocks of purple and gold. The whole sea is now tinged with red light. The clouds around the sun are bathed in blood, and the crimson reflection is cast on hills and rocks, waves and boat. Thora's face is rose-colored, and her whole form is bathed in the same warm tint. The mountains and the distant islands are enwrapped in a trembling haze of red. It is a golden night. Its beauty enters the soul, and banishes fears and worldly sorrow. Care departs into the mellow atmosphere. Earth-troubles sink into this sea of peace, and are lost. Faith comes back—faith in man and faith in God. The world is no longer a gray, lifeless larva, but a full-grown butterfly, floating on its shining wings in the balmy air of summer.

The black smoke of the steamer appeared behind a headland, and soon the boat was in sight. Harald steered towards the anchorage and lay to, awaiting its coming. Out from the shore came the boatman with the mail. The water gurgled softly under their own boat, and the little waves lightly patted its sides—that was all they heard until the swish of the steamer broke the silence, churning the water with its reversed propeller. The iron door in the vessel's side was opened, the mail was exchanged, and Thora was helped in. From the doorway, she reached out her hand to Harald, in the boat close alongside. He held it for an instant, then raised it to his lips. As he did so, the little withered rose which she was about to give him, slipped from her hand into the sea, and its dry, loose petals floated over the waves in every direction. The iron door was closed, the propeller churned the water again, and the steamer headed on its course.

From the deck of the steamer, Thora waved her handkerchief as long as she could distinguish the little boat which lay dancing on the waves of the shining sea.

(END OF PART ONE.)

(To be Continued.)

MARTHA JANE KNOWLTON CORAY.

BY MARTHA J. C. LEWIS.

[In this number, we print a portrait of Mrs. Martha Jane Knowlton Coray, who, at the dictation of Lucy Smith, wrote the history of the Prophet Joseph, now being printed in the ERA. The sketch of her life which follows was kindly furnished by her daughter, Martha, wife of the late Professor T. B. Lewis. In her note to the editors, she speaks of the portrait as only a poor representation of her mother, but it is the best in existence. The lines about her mother's mouth were strongly marked, though this copy of a poor photo does not show any lines at all. "The jet black hair, but slightly tinged with grey, should show a clear, straight parting exactly in the center. The artist should deepen the shadows in the upper lip from the nose to the mouth and nostrils, to make the figure look more like the original. But what can he do to restore the light to the flashing, brilliant, black eyes, having never felt their piercing power?" The editors acknowledge courtesies, also, from Messrs. L. L., Howard, and George Q. Coray who furnished a second photo from which our artist has received assistance to form the portrait herewith presented, which also has her autograph to her children.—EDITORS.]

Mrs. Martha Jane Knowlton Coray, was born June 2, 1821, in Covington, Kentucky. She was the daughter of Sidney A. and Harriet Burnham Knowlton, and great-grand-daughter of Lieutenant Daniel Knowlton, the splendid patriot who served his country so efficiently through the Continental and Revolutionary wars. Mrs. Coray was married to Howard Coray by Patriarch Hyrum Smith, and later sealed in the Nauvoo temple. She and her husband came to Utah in the fall of 1850. I think she joined the Church when about seventeen years of age. She was secretary of the Nauvoo Relief Society, and also the secretary of the

first relief societies organized in Salt Lake City, and later in Provo. She was a warm personal friend of the prophet and patriarch Joseph and Hyrum Smith. It was ever her custom when going to meeting to take pencil and note paper; she thus preserved notes of sermons that would otherwise have been lost to the Church. The late President Woodruff consulted her notes, when he was Church Historian, for items not to be obtained elsewhere.

I have heard her say that the cause of her writing the history of Joseph Smith was that she might preserve as much as possible of the history of our great prophet to read to her own children; she, accordingly, went to Mother Smith, and asked her permission to write what she could remember of her son's history. Mother Smith gave her glad consent, and my dear mother went to her daily, and wrote until Mother Smith would grow weary. She then read over, several times, what she had written, making such changes and corrections as Mother Smith suggested. The work was undertaken purely as a labor of love.

Mrs. Coray was a many-sided woman. Though, in a measure, self-taught, she was well taught; she was a rapid and lucid writer, a brilliant conversationalist, and a fine speaker on a wide range of subjects. She had a fair knowledge of law, philosophy, history, poetry, chemistry and geology—the latter two being her favorite studies. She could and did assay minerals, and distil herbs, write eloquent lectures, and cook dinners that would tempt the appetite of an epicure. She was a member of the first Board of Directors of the Brigham Young Academy in Provo, and, for many years, an earnest and efficient Sunday school worker; and always a tender devoted wife and mother; true to her friends, but not too quick to forgive an enemy. She was the mother of twelve children, all of whom lived to man and womanhood.

She died in Provo, Utah, December 14, 1881. Her husband, Howard Coray, now in his eighty-sixth year, and ten of their children, still live to mourn her loss and honor her memory.

WAS IT PREDISPOSITION OR ACQUIRE- MENT?

TWO VIEWS OF LIFE—LETTER TO A FRIEND.

[Two young men, who were companions in youth, have taken opposite paths in matters of religion: one is a successful business man and atheist; the other, the writer, a respected president of one of the stakes of Zion, who finds his joy in his family and faith. They correspond, and the ERA has come into possession of the following sensible remarks by the latter, in a letter to his friend. We could wish that every young man, in the Church and out, would read it, and learn wisdom from its counsels. —EDITORS.]

DEAR FRIEND:—Your letter of ——— was received in due course of mail. Since then, I have been very busily occupied, and tonight is my first chance to consider it.

I am pleased to see the apparent frankness with which you meet the questions that have arisen in your mind, and I cannot help thinking that, after all, at one time there may not have been a very great difference in our positions.

I think that our early training and habits had a great deal to do with our characters.

In our parental training, we were equal, both having moral, upright parents whose great hopes were to see us worthy sons and honorable men. Our boyish weaknesses were the same, as we were in very intimate companionship. The only difference I know of, outside of our fibre and the make up of our dispositions, was that you read Ingersoll with the spirit of Ingersoll, and I read the Scriptures with the spirit of the Scriptures.

The point of a frog in a switch is very fine and thin, but it serves to turn the heavy train on one track or the other, and whether this point was in your predestination or predisposition, whichever you may term it, or an acquirement of your own, is an open question, and I think a serious one to you.

Now, friend ——— do not do me the injustice to think that I swallowed without thought, and digested without consideration, the opinions of others until they made me. Perhaps there were moments of doubt in my mind, also, when I stood face to face with some mystery unexplainable to immature minds; but, at this point, I think I again see the difference between us.

Unable to grasp some proposition of theology only partially explained, I chose to lean on the judgment and testimony of men and women to whose word you or any serious man would give weight on a practical proposition, while you chose to follow the doubter, and, in your independence of thought, demanded absolute demonstration. There could be but one result, provided we were both persistent.

On perplexing questions, the borrowed light soon gave way to knowledge of my own, and I demonstrated the truth of the promises and statements of my honored advisers. The mysteries are not all fully explained yet, but trusting and sure, as one who has often sought and always found, I await their illumination when I am prepared to receive it. Have you received more than this? Has the doubter ever taught you anything but to disbelieve?

I may be wrong in believing that he who has been schooled by skeptics is disqualified for passing on spiritual matters. He would be barred as the juror who has given an opinion, and only in the case of a spiritual awakening could he appreciate the beauties of religion. It is one of the conditions of religion plainly laid down that God's secrets are not to be understood by the wisdom of men; they are made known by the Spirit of the Originator, to the mind that is prepared for them. This appears as reasonable to me as that one cannot understand botany by the rules of algebra.

You may say that that system to which the rules of reason do not apply, and which will not bear intelligent scrutiny, is not worthy of consideration, and I grant you that, providing we may

agree as to what is true reason and right intelligence, if I may use such terms. These faculties in man are as varied as are their minds, and who shall set the standard? Shall science set it up, when boasted science itself is changing its dogmas and principles almost hourly.

For a correct solution, I would not follow such uncertain guides, clashing and conflicting; and, until scientists can agree and wise men see eye to eye, I would prefer the simple unembellished direction of one wiser than all: "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God."

You do an injustice to my sense when you say that, had I been born under any other system, I would have been just as devoted and true to that belief.

You are supposed to be an impartial judge as between religious systems; say now, if you were called to choose today a belief from among them all, if you would not choose the plan of salvation as again revealed to Joseph Smith, in preference to any other?

It may be insufficient in your mind, but in comparison, is it not immeasurably in advance?

Would you exchange the doctrine of merit for that injustice that would consign your child to hell and the murderer to heaven?

Would you exchange the conception of a Deity of perfected human attributes, with powers, passions and sympathies, for the nonentity of the world? Is there not in your soul an ambition that says, I may continue to grow in intelligence, and, conditions being equal, no man shall rise above me? Would you exchange the doctrine of eternal progress, based on eternal justice and effort, for the creed that would sweep you at once into an indolent bliss with others more or less deserving than yourself?

Would you exchange a system that grasps the possibilities of the future with power, and provides for them here with certainty, to those beliefs which stand hesitating in the face of the most momentous questions of our lives?

Would you, whose practical make-up must accept authority as necessary, exchange a system which, if anything at all, is first authoritative for those which have attached themselves to ancient promises merely, not claiming direct guidance? And last, would you accept the dead forms of the world, which have been the breed-

ing grounds of unbelief, for the live, forceful, comprehensive system that provides for the growth and changes of men and nations? I would rather have the seventy-sixth section of the Doctrine and Covenants than all the amplified creeds of the world, for in it God provides for us all with a justice, beside which human judgment is insignificant—with a love, beside which our love is puerile—with mercy as deep as the foundations of that divine attribute!

So, I thank God that I was born a Latter-day Saint, but had I not been, and made as I am, I should have wandered amid the creeds as did your father and mine, until the light had come to me.

You doubt the resurrection, saying that it is unnecessary, and therefore unreasonable; and, to strengthen your position, would question the veracity of the account of the rising of the Savior to life. In the absence of disinterested witnesses to the event, you have a technical plea, but it loses its force when we stop to consider the characters of the main witnesses, the persistence of their testimonies, and their final yielding to death in defense of their word. The doctrine, far from being fanciful, I consider consistent and reasonable. The limitation of our present happiness is not merely due to the fact that we have bodies, but that those bodies are subject to disease and death.

I can conceive of no organization or arrangement of functions that would be more admirably adapted for our comfort and improvement than these same bodies relieved of their grossness. This the resurrection accomplishes, and the spirit, for a time unhoused, and powerless in certain directions, unites with the organs of its mortal experiences to a renewal of effort, and the accomplishment of complete happiness. In this is the secret of increase and progression.

Do not ask me here how the resurrection is accomplished, or you will have me venture on the unrevealed. At this point, we must of necessity rely upon the word, as you relied upon your teacher in some undemonstrated proposition of algebra.

But dare we disbelieve its possibility? A few years back in the world's history, we might have been pardoned for doubting the miraculous, but some future edition of our books must class this word among the obsolete. When the impossible has been and is

being accomplished before our eyes with dazzling frequency, we must withhold our limitation on the future. With the lightning trained and harnessed, the voice transmitted, and its utterances preserved—with the very air to be our messenger, carrying one's thoughts—with substances heretofore opaque, now pierced by mortal eye—with great intellects daring the problems of planetary communication—he is bold, indeed, who shall set his seal on man's accomplishment. What, then, of the great intelligence from which all these minor ones have drawn their light! May it not be by a law as yet unrevealed, whose introductory elements some daring genius is even now investigating, that the grave and the sea shall deliver up the dead that are in them? Man may not discover it before God wills, but it is a hidden truth, as were the glories of electricity, for centuries unknown. Before these questions, we must stand respectful if not believing, for the wonders of the revealed must make us fear they may be true, even if we would prefer to doubt.

You say you do not know whether the Book of Mormon is true or not, but you cannot class it as a novel. This admission has hope in it, and it speaks well for your honesty. Measured by our standards of literature, it may be crude in composition and faulty in style, and these barriers, in the way of a critical reader, must be overcome by a strong desire, or else its perusal will not be unbiased. For that reason, among others, it must be studied gravely and humbly. The promise is given that he who reads it with a prayerful heart shall have a testimony of its truth. I am convinced that a few more years will see its vindication by the discoveries of men; till then, I will wait patiently. Then those men who in soberness before God, testified of its divine origin, maintaining that testimony through all the changes of their lives, will be acquitted of fraud, and we will give them the right which the courts of the land would now give in any other case—that of being believed in honest, straight, corroborative testimony.

The evidence of these men must be the opening consideration in dealing with this book.

That a man should maintain, during apostasy, his testimony of its truth, is remarkable; for to the man intent on an excuse, there could be many in this case:—deceit, hallucination, intimidation—any one of these would have served, and the man would have

been hailed by an anxious world as a spiritual or moral martyr. But no, though Joseph to him were fallen, and the church estray; though he stood aloof in bitterness, the manhood within him was true, and he endured, the unperjured witness of a great truth.

If this man, lacking the deeper qualities of faithfulness to his brethren, is a valuable witness, are not those also who were true, not only to their word, but to the faith which that word had inspired, are they not also valuable? In this matter, God has left the world without excuse, and reasonable men must enter upon this question with a deeper responsibility than has ever accompanied any other great question in the world's history, except the mission of the Savior.

And now, this other matter * * * of the actions of men and their effect on you. I wish this had never been mentioned by you, as I have seen so many weak minds troubled over this that I did not think it worthy of your stronger sense. I have come to think that this objection is wholly illegitimate, in a discussion of the principles of the gospel. If we were presenting men for inspection, who as a product of the gospel were supposed to be perfect, and in their lives the flaws you mention appeared, then might you doubt the efficacy of its principles. In the Church are many classes of men;—and these include the one who is attached to it for family and financial reasons, the one whose small attempts at church work are merely the short intervals in his life; the one who professes and preaches and exercises the functions of the priesthood, while many of his daily actions are a standing contradiction to his word,—and of such as these are the men you mention.

They are a reproach to the Church against whose principles they stand in opposition. Now here are these characters, who, if we have the prerogative to judge, stand in need of various degrees of punishment. Will you suggest what shall be done with them? Shall we cast them out unconvicted of overt act against the law? If their lives are open and notorious violations of right, we should not hesitate to apply the ax, but for minor offenses against individuals, who shall say where the judgment would come, and whose door would not be visited? The system of the church government provides for an adjustment of all these wrongs, great and small, and this recourse is at the call of the

offended one; but, rather than hew to the line always, ought we not to endure, hoping that time and the precepts and examples of better men shall work a change? The hypocritical preacher is condemned by his own words, and that will be the worst condemnation of all, for he sins against a better knowledge. Let us turn to those in whom the gospel has wrought its perfect work, and find men who, though having weaknesses, are fighting the battles of brave, honest lives—men whose words are emphasized by their acts. The exemplars of their own words, they reflect the light of the truths that made them. Have you not seen them? Do you not know them? These, then, should be your reference, when judging the fruits of the gospel, instead of those whose standing is by the mercy and forbearance of others, and not through their own merits. My character, so laboriously built in the light of truth, I may destroy in a moment of weakness, but let no man turn to my religion with an accusation; for, in shame, will I confess that not my faith but my folly has unmade me.

Correct principles stand independent of men: they are eternal as truth is eternal. As men approach them more nearly in their lives, they are better men, no matter under what name they labor.

Honorable men of the earth, in their good deeds, practice so much of the teachings of Christ. Though they may deny allegiance, yet do they aid in the general cause against evil. They battle under no flag, nor captain, perhaps, but their blows are blows for God and the right. There is a place and reward for them, commensurate with their works, in which is not included the recompense for faith in, and obedience to, divine authority, but which shall yet be beyond the greatest expectations.

I see, Friend ———, that we have a different philosophy of life, if our immature thoughts may be called philosophy. You have pride in your success, and are getting the good out of life as you understand it, and you ascribe all this to your wise foresight and ability.

I am glad that you are successful, and trust that you are happy, and that your prosperity may continue unfailing and undiminished; but I do earnestly ask you, not to think too seriously that in unbelief you are filling the measure of your creation, or that you are tied to conditions imposed upon you by a higher

power. I believe you capable of much good, and that, if to your practical knowledge and generous inclinations were added a deeper sense of your responsibility to God, you would do more, and be happier than you are at present.

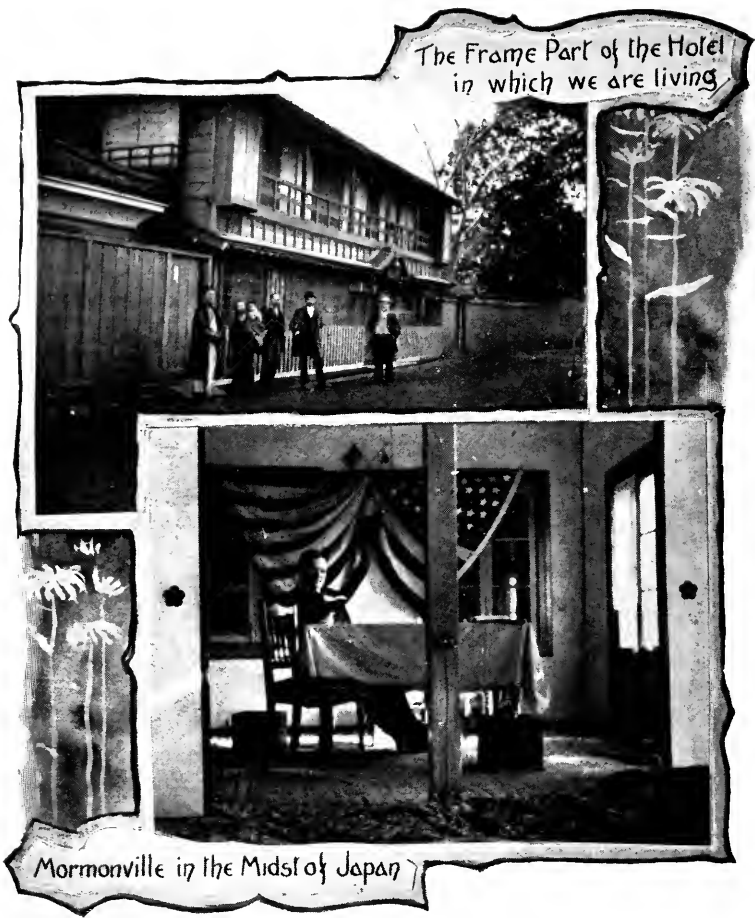
Our Father limits no man. He does not bind nor hold you. He is ready and willing to enlighten you with the light of faith, if you are truly anxious and willing. We work along in our weak way—you know I never had much ability at financiering—but we are nearly out of debt. Good men honor me by their confidence and trust, and I am trying to vindicate their opinion of me. I have some little influence which I hope always to use for the good of the cause which is dear to me. My children are good and well inclined; each financial sacrifice has brought more than its recompense; and, altogether, there is a balance due the Lord on my books.

I am glad you wrote me such a long letter, and hope this has not been tiresome to you. I shall not impose my further testimony on you now, but I hope I have been sufficiently earnest to show my sincerity, and sufficiently kind to keep your regard, which I value highly. With this interchange of thought, may we both be benefited.

With kindest regards,

Your friend,





“The Nakai hotel is situated on a bluff in the western part of Tokyo.
 * * * The house itself is partly plaster and partly frame, two stories
 high, and built on a line with the street. The frame part has lately been
 added, and is especially arranged for the use of students who come from
 the country districts to attend school in Tokyo. * * * Our room is
 located on the lower floor of this building, and our front door opens into
 a little garden on the south.’

SOME FEATURES OF JAPANESE LIFE.

BY ELDER ALMA O. TAYLOR, MISSIONARY TO JAPAN.

The lack of an extensive experience with, and the inability, thus far, to understand perfectly, the manners and customs of the inhabitants of Japan, makes it impossible for me to present what may be considered a worthy and perfectly accurate account of conditions encountered in a Japanese home.

To one whose life has been spent in the valleys of the Rocky Mountains and who has scarcely seen any of this vast world but the limited area of Utah, the odd features of Japanese life appeal with wonderful force. Perhaps my limited knowledge of the different aspects of life causes me to think curious and strange those things which, to a person having traveled more, would be but commonplace. Therefore, I trust that this effort to speak of some incidents connected with my short life in the far East will be judged with charity, for the reason that travel away from home is a comparatively new experience in my career.

For the first five months after our arrival in Yokohama, we lived together in foreign hotels and boarding-houses, having practically no experience with the realities of Japanese life. This time, however, was profitably spent in observing the features of the country; the people, and their sentiments on religion, especially their feelings towards Christianity; the relationship between the foreigner and the native; the class distinctions and their effect upon society; the different modes of living and the expenses incurred by each; and, in fact, gaining a slight knowledge of those things which would have an effect either for good or ill upon our labor here, thus preparing ourselves to meet advantageously the conditions and circumstances under which future missionary work will be carried

on in Japan. But the one thing of greatest value to us during that time is, that we have met and made friends with many prominent men, both foreign and vernacular, whose acquaintance would have been denied us, were it not that we followed the inspiration that directed us to make our home, at first, among the highest class. And, too, as the usual charity and love (?) manifest in the actions of Christian (?) ministers towards "Mormon" elders, have been exhibited towards us, we found it greatly to our advantage to be located as we were, while combatting the slanderous criticism on the Latter-day Saints by those whom the world look upon as the chosen representatives of the Savior, but to whom the Lord has seen fit to refer as "wolves in sheep's clothing." Indeed, the course taken by us was, we feel, directed of God, for already favorable sentiments are being expressed concerning "Mormonism" by thinking men of the nation, and in Japan it is no small matter to have even one influential person speak well of your cause, as the people here follow their leaders, as in olden time the sheep followed the shepherd.

Having gained what was considered sufficient knowledge to launch out among the people, and devote ourselves more closely to the study of the language, it was decided some time ago, that Elder Horace S. Ensign and myself seek quarters in some Japanese hotel, it having been found impossible to secure accommodations in a private home. After a search which lasted for two days, we found a suitable place and moved into it immediately. It is of the early experience in this native hotel that I desire particularly to write, as the readers of the ERA may take interest in a short recital of how the Utahns were initiated into the celestial life of the far East.

The Nakai hotel is situated on a bluff in the western part of Tokyo, and occupies such an elevated position that the guests may have what the landlady proudly calls, "the privilege of looking down on the Emperor," whose palace stands on a small bluff about three quarters of a mile to the south. Many of the wealthy merchants and business men of Tokyo have their residences in this part of the city; and, being quite a distance from the trading centre, it is a desirable place to live because of its quietude and the excellent class of people in the neighborhood. Not only are these features pleasant, but the air is good, water excellent, the yard

surrounding the hotel is clean and well kept, while the view is magnificent; especially in the evening, as the sun sets behind the snowy peaks of Fujiyama, do we behold one of those glorious sights so often seen on the snow-clad summits of the Rockies. The house itself is partly plaster and partly frame, two stories high, and built on a line with the street. The frame part has lately been added, and is especially arranged for the use of students who come from the country districts to attend school in Tokyo. The lower story has what might be called the appearance of a chicken-coop, as the windows and doors are all protected by wooden slats set two inches apart, after the manner of pickets on a fence. The upper half, when closed for the night or during a storm, looks like the hay-loft to a barn, as the outer walls are formed entirely from plain sliding-doors which fit so closely that there is absolutely no chance for ventilation, save as a little air might enter through a small crack here and there. But when these sliding-doors or exterior walls are removed, the appearance is entirely changed. Instead of a hay-loft, it resembles a narrow veranda with crude railings in front, and at the end a wall made of little squares of white paper pasted over wooden frames, giving the whole building a more house-like air. The plaster-half of the hotel is more foreign in style and arrangement. The doors and windows are of glass, to protect which, the wooden shutters, so prevalent on English houses, are used. The roof is covered with large, cement tiles, in mould, not unlike those seen on one or two large residences lately erected in Salt Lake City. Our room is located on the lower floor of this building, and our front door opens into a little garden on the south, which is one of the fascinating features of the place, and from whence we get a view of the city as it stretches out for miles toward the sea.

Ten o'clock, on the morning of December 5th, we left the foreign hotel and directed our steps toward the Japanese home wherein we expected to live for some months. Mr. Hiroi, the mission's guide and translator, accompanied us to see that everything was properly arranged with the manager of the place. On the way, we discussed with considerable hilarity the future outcome of this new life, the joys and sorrows of which began from the moment we rang the bell at the entrance to the hotel.

Before entering a Japanese house, a person has to take off his shoes, as the floors within are covered with grass mats which would not stand the constant scuffling of hard leather soles, and as the floor takes the place of tables and chairs, it would not be considered proper for large cakes of mud or dust from the street to be brought in onto the table where the Japanese eats his food or sits down to read his newspaper. The floor is generally the cleanest part of the house. In compliance, therefore, with the custom, we removed our shoes, and put on soft cloth slippers to wear around the house.

It is an amusing sight to a foreigner, unaccustomed to the courteous greeting of the Japanese, to observe the manner in which guests are welcomed. In response to the sound of approaching footsteps or the ringing of the bell, one of the maid-servants hastens to open the door and bid the person welcome, or, if it be a guest coming back from his business, to manifest pleasure in his return. As soon as the door is opened, the servant falls upon her knees and bows two or three times, bending so low that her forehead often touches the floor. She remains on her knees till the person or persons have taken off their shoes, when she stands up ready to give any assistance necessary. Should a guest happen to make a request or offer a word of praise for the strict attention of the servant, she will always respond by again bowing her head to the floor, accompanying her action with a strictly polite remark.

When this part of the performance had been enacted, and we were invited to step inside, the landlord appeared on the scene to escort us to our rooms, where, according to the native custom, we were immediately offered a cup of tea.* It is needless to say that the offer was rejected by the "Mormons."

Naturally, the first thing to be done on entering a new place of residence is to get the "hang of the barn," so, under the guidance of our master, we took a tour through the building inspecting thoroughly those parts of interest to us. This done, the contract for the payment of our bills adjusted, and our chattels somewhat arranged in the rooms, and it was time to eat dinner. Mr. Hiroi

* The Japanese sign of hospitality which corresponds to the presentation of wines in European countries.

ate the first meal with us so that we might know how to get along in the future, and especially know how to proceed when entertaining a guest. His explanations were very interesting, and proved to be of value before many hours had passed.

The average meal hour in Japan is breakfast at 7 a.m., dinner at noon, and supper at five o'clock. Every guest has his meals served in his own room, consequently that dining-room etiquette which prevails so extensively in foreign hotels is not found among the Japanese. This fact saved us all the embarrassment our awkward actions would have caused, had we been forced to learn, in the presence of others, how to handle the native food. Each person is provided with a tray containing several different dishes of food. Besides these, there is one wooden vessel which resembles a small tub. This contains the rice, and varies in size according to the number of persons and the quantity it takes to gratify their appetites. The servant in attendance dishes out the rice into medium sized bowls, using for this purpose a wooden ladel instead of a spoon. Six bowls of rice, besides a comparative quantity of other food, is not much for a hungry Japanese to eat at one meal, but way beyond what I found to be my capacity for such unsavory grub.

Fried fish, with sauce that did not taste unlike molasses; bean-soup, that resembled more a combination of bamboo twigs and onion tops; vegetables, promiscuously mixed together, and so saturated with sugar that one grain would be enough to sweeten a cup of coffee; sweet potatoes, mashed until it would take a chemical analysis to determine what they were; and plain boiled rice, so dry that it almost choked a fellow as it went down, is a description of how the first meal appealed to me. Not only was it an ordeal to eat the food of the first meal, but it was some days before I was able to look forward with any degree of pleasure to the arrival of meal hours. It is not the easiest thing in the world for a foreigner to relish a Japanese meal on the start; and if they are all like me, it is not till they have experienced some peculiar sensations in the abdominal region that the native food lies peacefully in the proper place. The method of cooking is so vastly different to what I had been accustomed, that all the vegetables and soups lost their natural taste, in consequence of what appeared to me a premature mixing

of food into that state which it assumes after reaching the stomach. The two main objections to the victuals are, that in place of salt, sugar is used, until everything is so sweet that it soon turns an inexperienced appetite uphill; and the sauce which is used on all fish, meats, fowl and raw vegetable is so unnatural a substitute for the ordinary seasoning sauces and gravies, that both myself and companion have had to eliminate it from our diet list. We were indeed fortunate to have rice and fish; for, were it not for these two articles, I think I would have preferred to fast rather than attempt the other things. Plain boiled rice is not, in itself, very palatable, but when one learns how to mix it with other foods, it becomes an excellent substitute for bread.

Generally, when people picture to themselves the peculiarities of Chinese or Japanese life, the substitution of chop-sticks for knives, forks, and spoons, is perhaps the first thing that enters their minds. Possibly these same people wonder how anyone can eat such things as soup, and soft boiled eggs, with chop-sticks, and it is indeed a question that puzzles the foreigner when he has it to do for the first time. In reality, chop-sticks do not take the place of those table implements which to us are necessary while eating the foods mentioned. The Japanese apply a means of their own. They drink the soup right out of the dish; loosen the egg from the shell with one of their sticks, and turn it out into their rice, or suck it from the shell itself: they take up a piece of meat with the sticks, and bite off as much as can be easily masticated at one time, never taking the trouble to break it into smaller pieces on their plate; they hold the rice bowl up to their lips with the left hand, and, with the chop-sticks in the right, they roll the rice out of the bowl into their mouths. The same bowl in which the rice is served is also used as the drinking utensil. It would be considered impolite, if not insulting, if a person refused to drink from his rice-bowl; therefore, in no instance is a cup or glass prepared, even for a foreigner.

At first, the maid who waited on us had great sport watching our awkward manner of rolling the rice into our mouths and picking the bones out of the fish with the chop-sticks. Quite often we noticed her laughing up her sleeve at the expression on our faces, as we nibbled timidly at the different kinds of food. But at this

writing, our eating is no longer interesting to the observer, as we have become skillful in the manipulation of the chop-sticks, and can suck the food into our mouths with as charming a sound, and with an equal relish, as can those who have been raised on Oriental chow from childhood.

When the first meal in our new home was finished, Mr. Hiroi bade us good-bye, saying that he felt like "he was leaving two helpless babes to fight their way alone." This was indeed a fit expression; for, knowing very little of the language spoken by those around us, we were certainly on a par with the children who make their wants known by grunts and signs.

(To be concluded in May number.)

TO THE LOSER.

So you've lost your race, lad? Ran it clean and fast?
Beaten at the tape, lad? Rough? Yes, but 'tis past.
Never mind the losing,—think of how you ran;
Smile, and shut your teeth, lad,—take it like a man!
Not the winning counts, lad, but the winning fair;
Not the losing shames, lad, but the weak despair;
So when failure stuns you, don't forget your plan,—
Smile, and shut your teeth, lad,—take it like a man!
Diamonds turned to paste, lad? Night instead of morn?
Where you'd pluck a rose, lad, oft you grasp a thorn?
Time will heal the bleeding,—life is but a span;
Smile, and shut your teeth, lad,—take it like a man!
Then, when sunset comes, lad, when your fighting's through,
And the Silent Guest, lad, fills his cup for you,
Shrink not,—clasp it coolly,—end as you began;
Smile, and close your eyes, lad,—and take it like a man!

—SELECTED

THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA.

BY PROF. W. H. CHAMBERLIN OF THE BRIGHAM YOUNG COLLEGE,
LOGAN.

At the present time, when much is being said in regard to an Isthmian canal, something in regard to the place which the Isthmus of Panama occupies in the economy of our earth, is in order. Doubtless many have wondered at its existence, and have regarded it as an obstruction to commerce, compelling the circumnavigation of South America, in order to reach a point which otherwise might have been reached in a few hours. But the more the earth's surface is studied, the stronger grows the conviction that marked geographic features, such as this, are not accidents, but essential parts of a grand organic unity.

Just as the sea and the deserts, protecting the fertile valley of the Nile, made a cradle for civilization in Egypt; just as the mountains of Macedonia and the lofty Alps, by protecting Greece and Italy from the invasion of barbarian hordes from the north, made possible the magnificent growth of civilization among the peoples of Greece and in the republic and empire of Rome; so the strip of land connecting the two Americas, with other remarkable geographic features between them, has, by developing the most remarkable ocean current in the world, the Gulf stream, providing the United States, England and western Europe with their warm and moisture-laden winds, made possible that fuller development of civilization which the world now enjoys.

The Gulf stream originates in two vast, wind-made currents of the Atlantic ocean, which, flowing parallel with the equator, approach the western continent. The southern current would be turned to the south along the coast of South America by the rota-

tion of the earth, were not the eastern corner of South America so placed as to divide the current and turn the larger portion toward the north. The portion thus turned aside is directed by the northern shores of South America into the Carribean sea. There, under the direct rays of the sun, and shut off, by a submarine range of mountains running from the West Indies to Trinidad, from the cold waters that prevail in all oceans at moderate depths, it is thoroughly warmed, as it piles up against the shores of Central America. It is a rise here of several feet above the ordinary level of the ocean, made possible by the existence of the narrow strip of land we are discussing, that forces the current through the strait between Yucatan and Cuba and into the Gulf of Mexico. There it piles up still higher while its temperature continues to increase. From that great reservoir, it can pass out through only one place, the strait between Florida and Cuba. This strait acts like the nozzle of a hose, concentrating the current and giving it a velocity of about four miles an hour. From this strait, the stream would naturally take a course to the southeast. But the North Atlantic current, mentioned above, having been forced along the West Indies, meets the Gulf stream in front of Florida strait and forces it around to the north, so that, after passing along the eastern shores of the United States with considerable swiftness, it proceeds under the influence of the prevailing westerly winds, and the earth's rotation, far to the north and east, until it strikes the shores of Europe. There it divides, one part going south; the other part, after bathing the shores of France and the British Isles, passes along the Scandinavian peninsula and is lost in the Arctic regions. The influence of the Gulf stream on the climate of these lands is more fully understood when we observe that England, with her delightful climate, is as far north as bleak and barren Labrador, and that the peninsula which has produced the hardy Scandinavian people lies in the same latitude as southern Greenland with its Arctic climate.

Without the wonderful arrangement of lands and seas about the Gulf of Mexico, the North Atlantic ocean would have received the waters of a warm stream from the south, just as the North Pacific ocean now receives them; but it could not possibly have been so warm as the latter's Japan current, which, notwithstanding

its warmth, is not able to make habitable the south Alaskan shores and islands, although these lie no farther north than Scotland and Denmark.

We ought, then, to cease to wonder at such an apparent obstruction as the Isthmus of Panama, and wonder at its narrowness, inviting, as it does, an application of man's powers and ingenuity to provide for the wants of a latter-day civilization, as the land connection has heretofore provided a means of communication adequate to the needs of the peoples who have dwelt upon the western continent.

The importance of the stream that warms the waters of the North Atlantic ocean can be still better appreciated when we consider the relationship of this ocean to the land areas of the earth. About one-fourth of the entire surface of the earth is land. Most of this land is embraced in the four great continents, Eurasia, North America, South America and Africa, which surround the North Atlantic to form the land hemisphere. The high mountains and plateaus of these four continents, without exception, are on the side furthest from the Atlantic; and they constitute a rim to bound the world, and to direct its attention to the North Atlantic. Any nation is thus caused to face all the others. A good relief map of the earth will make this clear. The high mountains and plateaus of Eurasia border the Pacific and the Indian oceans. The highest mountains of Africa border the Indian ocean, and the great rivers coming from them, such as the Nile and the Congo, carry the products of Africa easily into the Atlantic ocean. In South America the high Andes, being on the side farthest from the Atlantic, the rivers of the continent enter that ocean. The Orinoco and the great Amazon continually pour the products of that land into the North Atlantic. The products of North America are carried naturally into the same ocean, by its great navigable rivers, the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence; while its high western mountains and plateaus turn the attention of the people toward the east. The rivers, bays and seas of Europe find natural outlet into the North Atlantic. The attention of the peoples of the far East are turned to the same ocean, and communication with it is rendered easy by the Suez canal. The West will yet have easy access to it through an Isthmian canal. This ocean, then, is, and of

necessity must remain, the most important means of communication for the nations of the earth. Such an exchange of commodities, of ideas, of sympathy, among the civilized nations of the earth, as we are familiar with, would be impossible without this great circulating medium, the North Atlantic. The Gulf stream supplies this medium with its heat. It is as a heart to the world. We should not be surprised, then, to see the marvelous arrangement of geographic features between the two Americas for the preparation of such a stream.

While reflecting upon the unity set forth above, and the steady progress of civilization which has resulted from it, one is easily led to see great wisdom manifested in the placing of the spiritualizing influences which have operated like leaven in that civilization from its beginning until now.

Civilization arose in Assyria and Egypt, countries located in the line of the heights that rim the eastern land area of the earth. In the land lying between these countries, in Palestine, the Creator revealed himself to Abraham and to his children. Between these two sources of civilization, divine truth vibrated for hundreds of years. Later, this same truth found easy access over the great sea to the peoples of Greece and Rome. Its influence operated upon the people of Europe, even until civilization had reached its greatest heights, with the great English people.

In these last days, God again has shown himself to man, and has revealed the pure truth to a people living in the midst of the most vigorous branch of this same English people. Here in the United States; and among the mountains that rim on the west the land area of the earth, here in what was to the Patriarch Jacob the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills, God has set up an en-sign to the nations. Eastward the truth is working, and is profoundly influencing the ideas of the peoples of the world. Soon the Lord will restore His people to Jerusalem, and then, between Zion and Jerusalem through the whole earth, the truth will vibrate to and fro until all shall reverence the name of the Lord.

WATCHMEN, WHAT OF YOUR CHARGE?

BY ELDER HENRY W. NAISBITT.

Scarcely a day passes on the thoroughfares of this city, but some salutation comes to me from one known in the missionary field; there is an inspiration in this warm greeting, this hearty recognition, this tender inquiry. Often the first query is, "Well, have you heard anything from your old field of labor? If so, how are they getting on?" Then comes, "How is Brother or Sister so and so? How that lovely family we met at such a place? What became of that young man you baptized in H——? of that young lady who, at great sacrifice, received the gospel and was hustled away from home as if she were a Magdalene? Do you remember that wonderful joy experienced when one of your converts applied for baptism? How many prayers did you offer up that they might speedily receive that assurance—that testimony you were so ready to promise?"

When they first rose in meeting to give expression to their joy—their faith, let me ask, did you not drop a silent tear, did you not feel as if you were repaid for all of cost and travel and sacrifice if but one soul found under your ministry the way of peace? Have you forgotten the bliss of meeting, the expression of hope in parting? When partaking of their hospitality, when witnessing their confidence in you, their love for your society, their ready submission to your counsel, and the lavish expressions, both on your side and theirs, did you intimate that, on your return, you would aid in their deliverance, that you would never forget them, that you would write freely and often, and did you not believe that you would sacredly and honestly keep your word, and

prove yourself to be a man of truth, a lover of righteousness, a servant of God?

"Ah well," say you, "we were a long way from home, then; we were indebted for society, for hospitality, for association, then; but now, we are six thousand miles away, our personal interests require attention, I have broken up new ground, I have built a house, my family were run down in my absence; my loss was great, and I have not yet begun to move towards recouping that loss, or getting straight with the world; besides, I have married since my return; some of my family have been sick; I have been put on the home mission; I was called to labor in the Sunday school or Mutual; any way, correspondence is not my forte; money is scarce, and stamps (five cents) are, after all, a good deal; but *I will write*, I know the folks in B——, where I traveled, are anxious; they think they are forgotten, that my promises are no more reliable than were those of my predecessors." To be sure, if I have no time to write, I might send the *ERA*, the *News*, after I had read it, the *Juvenile*, but—oh well, they have other elders there now, and they will build these old friends up in the faith."

What faith? that of the gospel, or that in the Priesthood? which is inseparable. Besides, you say, quite a few of these are more in love with the elders than with the gospel. What then? Is not the sick man grateful to the physician who restored him to life, the blind man to the one who gave him sight, the ignorant to the one who gave him understanding? Is this not ordinary human nature, and is it not proverbial that ingratitude is one of the deadly sins? Does not the love of the convert become intensified as compared to the healer, the sight-bringer, the teacher, if inspired of God; and shall we judge the motive, seen with a critical or a jealous eye, the exuberance, the warmth, the devotion, the appreciation of a God-sent friend? God knoweth the heart, he looks at the motive, and the woman who broke over the Savior's head the alabaster box of ointment was neither rebuked nor misunderstood. Man may not discriminate correctly; men cannot comprehend each other, much less can they fathom the soul of woman; and, to divine that the affection heaped upon a devoted elder of Israel is simply passion, is a libel upon the purest and holiest of the attributes of man, woman, or God! The correspondence of the

hundreds of elders who have visited the nations with a salvatory mission, ought to be a factor in the postal revenues of all nations, and it sounds anomalous for an elder to voluntarily give two or more years of toil in the mission field, and then quibble over the postage of a letter, or the trouble of writing to some good soul longing for sympathy, hoping for recognition, praying for a word of inquiry and cheer. It is to make comparisons which bridge between the sublime in fact and the ridiculous in expression, which is as unworthy as it is cheap and contemptible before all men. It is a pleasure to note, however, that this indifference, carelessness, or thoughtlessness, is not quite universal; many there are who write and more who receive; their mission is not ended when they hear at home, the "bleating of the sheep, or the lowing of the kine." These thinkers were the most valiant of missionaries, they felt responsibility; they loved their work; they were the best men; the most lovable and beloved—not fickle, not forgetful, not blinded by self or circumstances; saviors once, they are saviors still; teachers once, they are teaching yet; sacrificing yesterdays, they are sacrificing todays. They want—they live—to *do good*; their effort, if unappreciated, if bestowed or received unworthily, must yet find its assured reward in looking beyond the transient; their bread cast upon the waters will surely be seen after many days.

Suffer, therefore, my brother missionaries, (known or unknown) the word of exhortation; drop a line or two, send a paper or serial, and encourage the worthy; comfort the aged; sooth the one who lingers long in Babylon. Look out for those who gather, so that new conditions do not gall them if they become downcast; give comfort and cheer; if disappointed for a time, have patience with the newcomer; think what you might do if transplanted into foreign soil, and planted among unusual surroundings; be gentle, considerate, actively soothing and blessing the stranger in a strange land. Education is not for today alone; and if you are ever so apt a pupil, there are those not so apt. Into that blending of human action with divine philosophy which Paul comprehended when he "became all things to all men, if haply he might save some," so shall your ministrations and missions be sounded in the order of God, for "he that saveth a soul from death shall hide a multitude of sins."

There are hosts of people who cannot tell whether Utah and Salt Lake are not synonymous. They know nothing of the eighteen hundred miles from Canada to Mexico, and, on their arrival here, they stand on the railroad platform at times, looking for a welcoming hand or a momentary shelter. The elders they knew, revered, loved, are not there to meet or greet them; one lives in Arizona—"where's that?"—another in Idaho, "where's that?" another close by, a few miles or blocks, perchance; but they are absorbed, employed, and did not know, anyway, that an anxious disciple, an enthusiastic convert had arrived, or was on the way. System is a wonderful thing, and these newcomers cost something! Did you ever consider how much that is? How they were shielded by loving attention and continuous watchcare in their native land, where everything was familiar, and that some have simply been here a couple of weeks, and you hear of them next in Pittsburg, California, or again in the factory-town of the mother country; they had no reception—no welcome—and so, heartsick, they found their way back home, to the discomfiture of the elders, the demoralization of their old associations in the Church, and the surprise of real honest enquirers? This is not good; and, while some may think that this implies a lack of moral stamina, of individuality, of native force; and others may doubt whether such people ever had a testimony or not, it is assuredly true that a tithe of the attention given them at home would have saved them and theirs to the Church here, and the investment of sacrifice could have been compounded speedily with a little judicious and timely care.

In child-life, some children are born puny; they do not acquire self-reliance at once, but no mother, father, or savior regards this, save to give extra attention, that the purpose of life's activities may not be frustrated or overthrown. "Men are but children of a larger growth," said the sage. and he who would be "a savior upon Mount Zion" must be both mother and father to average humanity, which is the key to redemption, as implied in the sanctified mission field!

SOME LEADING EVENTS IN THE CURRENT STORY OF THE WORLD.

BY DR. J. M. TANNER, SUPERINTENDENT OF CHURCH SCHOOLS.

The Anglo Japanese Treaty.

For the first time in the history of modern civilized nations, one of the great powers of Europe has formed an alliance with an Oriental nation. Japan within a generation has been transformed, and there is no better evidence of the highly enlightened character of the Japanese nation than the recognition which has been given it in the recent alliance formed between that country and Great Britain. The reasons for this new alliance are not far to seek. In the northeastern part of China lies the province of Manchuria, an empire in itself. Russia, because of international interference, during the recent uprising in China, was unable to annex this province outright. During, however, the last two or three years, Russia has been pouring thousands of soldiers into Manchuria for the alleged purpose of protecting her railroads in Manchuria; and, lately, Russia has been undertaking certain treaty negotiations with China by which Russia intends really to secure exclusive railroad and mining franchises in that province. England and Japan are violently opposed to what would be practically the annexation of Manchuria to Russia. About the same time that the treaty between Japan and England was announced, a note to the great powers from the United States contained a protest on our part against the exclusive privileges which Russia sought to enforce by treaty with China in a province where millions of American products go.

The alliance is not strictly an offensive or defensive one. It is a sort of "fair play" arrangement. It is an announcement that if Japan wants to go to war with Russia, England will see that other nations, chiefly France, shall keep their hands off. Japan seems really a small

nation to cope with such a foe as Russia, and yet the Japanese feel sanguine that if they attack Russia, in the immediate future, they can easily overcome the army which Russia now has in Manchuria, and can then prevent Russia transporting troops fast enough, such a great distance, to overcome Japanese resistance. High authorities on all questions of war believe that the Japanese military power is equal to the task. The United States, England, Germany and Japan, are insisting upon the open door policy in China, as against the policy of exclusive privileges likely to be inaugurated by Russia and France. The Japanese soldiers are pronounced good fighters, and a war between Russia and Japan, in Manchuria, would be something of a spectacular display of modern warfare. The Anglo-Japanese alliance is, therefore, a demand for the stability of China; and, indirectly, a challenge of Russian policy.

Prince Henry's Visit.

The enthusiastic demonstrations with which Germany's popular prince, the brother of the Emperor, has everywhere been received in this country might seem to indicate that the United States and Germany are preparing for the most friendly relations. It must be remembered, however, that throughout this country, there is a large percentage of German-Americans, and whatever their allegiance may be for the country of their adoption, they always manifest patriotic demonstrations for the popular princes and heroes of their fatherland. The German element in this country, too, constitutes an intelligent, progressive and wealthy class of citizens, whose influence is always commanding, in those great cities where they have located in considerable numbers. Their enthusiastic "hurrahs" are of themselves inspiring, and the American people, who always feel kindly towards the German element, were quite ready and willing to participate in the celebration of Prince Henry's visit to this country. Then the Prince possesses, it is said, a charming personality. It has been his good fortune to have circulated about him stories of a heroic and self-sacrificing character, and to the German mind, there is a certain ideality associated with his name; and, no doubt, after he has gone, we shall hear many stories intended to enhance his personal popularity among the American people. The Prince is generous and chivalrous, and possesses certain democratic instincts and human tendencies which create a sort of charming fellowship.

From an international and political point of view the circumstances of his visit to this country, and the magnificent reception he received, are somewhat amusing. For the past two or three years, Germany and England have been in a wordy wrangle over events growing out of the

South African war. Mr. Chamberlain, in answering criticism on the concentration policy of England in South Africa, compared the conduct of the English to the Boers with that of the Germans in France during the Franco-Prussian war. Germany's minister resented the comparison in such a way as to irritate, very greatly, England's sensibilities. Just about the time that the Emperor of Germany had completed his plans for the Prince's visit to this country, the German minister at Washington gave out a note, the tenor of which was to show that the professed friendship and sympathy of England for America at the outbreak of the Spanish War was not strictly truthful, that Germany rather than England was entitled to our good will, and now that Germany's Prince has received, in this country, such wild demonstrations of enthusiasm, the English must naturally feel some irritation over the course of events here. Of course, this is not an affair of the United States. We simply permit the English and Germans to contend for our friendship, and show their right and claim to it in their own peculiar way. It is a wooing pastime, in which we, as the object of these friendly solicitations, cannot very well take part.

In the midst of the jubilation, we seemed to have forgotten all our grievances against Germany. The German war ships that were dispatched to Venezuela were evidently tied up somewhere, and the Germans must have wanted to await a settlement of internal strife in Venezuela before pressing their claims any further. What has become of the man-of-war which was sent out by us to watch the German fleet? Perhaps the Emperor has thought it best to put us in a good-natured mood before stepping too close to the toes of our Monroe Doctrine. It has been "hurrah" for the Kaiser, hurrah for Germany, and hurrah for the Prince. It was a gala day, but it must not be taken too seriously in our international relationship. We shall continue to be just as tenacious of our Monroe Doctrine as if Prince Henry had never visited this country. We shall not mistake certain interests which we hold in common with England, and the serious affairs of state will be taken up just where we left them off when we undertook to entertain Prince Henry.

Los Angeles in the Lead.

During the calendar year 1901, there were granted in the city of Los Angeles four hundred and five divorces. Against these, and to maintain the existence of the family relations, there were two thousand marriages. This makes a trifle less than five marriages to one divorce. This is worse than Rhode Island, with a record of eight marriages to one divorce. Such a status is not because the divorce laws of California are

more lax than those of many other states, for indeed, they are stricter than some. Of course, much depends upon the leniency with which judges administer the law, and the judges in granting divorces are not always indifferent to public opinion, which, in this country, has come to approve quite generally of the separation of man and wife where it appears they cannot live amicably together. Such conditions as these are used as an argument in favor of the control of marriage and divorce by the national government. But the question of divorce is, after all, more one of public opinion and public sentiment than one of law. Cruelty and failure to support are the most common pretexts upon which divorces are sought: these are statutory grounds.

As a rule, religious sentiment and influence have much to do in questions of divorce, and it may be said generally that the less the religious influence the more frequent the divorce. It is not possible to say just what proportion of divorces there are among those who make little or no profession of religion, but it is safe to say that the great majority of separations are among a class of which either the husband or the wife has no very considerable conviction in religious matters.

After all, the frequency of divorces in this country is due, for the most part, neither to the laxity of the law nor the leniency of the judge, but is largely the result of the practice which prevents the birth of children. Where ministers are disposed to shirk the responsibility of family life, and limit, if not prohibit, offspring, it seems the shallowest form of mockery for them to cry out against the evils of divorce, when their own example is one of the most fruitful causes of separations in the home. Without children, the home relation and ties of marriage are likely to be regarded merely as civil contracts to be waived, annulled, or disregarded, whenever such contracts become irksome to the parties to them. Children constitute the greatest safeguard against divorces, and willfully barren husband and wife are most likely to become discontented with each other.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

From the day that the Prophet Joseph was warned by an angel of God that he was to join none of the contending churches, for they were all wrong, so-called "Mormonism" has been a radical reform on prevailing religions.

To this day, it is so radically different from the other religions that the various sects, or rather, men who profess to guide the thought of their membership, read the "Mormons" out of Christian fellowship. But such action is curiously in line with a statement of Wendell Phillips, who declared that "the opponents of any reform begin by denouncing it as folly; then they charge that it is contrary to the Bible, and finally they claim that they have never opposed it at all." This is the true relation existing between the Protestant churches and the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, only that in the first step, in which the teachings promulgated by the Prophet Joseph are denounced as folly, there should be added persecution. The second step is by this time well nigh abandoned; few ministers are ignorant enough at this day to claim that the doctrines of "Mormonism" are contrary to the Bible. But the sectarians have arrived at the third step, being well under way towards adopting as true many of the tenets of "Mormonism," and besides claiming that they have never opposed these doctrines. However, this is done without giving credit to the divine source from which the knowledge came, or acknowledging the human instrument through which it was revealed.

These thoughts arise from reflection upon the action of the Presbyterian General Assembly, which last December appointed a

Creed Revision Committee, consisting of twenty-one ministers and elders. The need for such a committee is well stated by Dr. Henry Van Dyke, one of the most prominent clergymen of that church in the country, who frankly acknowledges the human rather than the divine origin of the doctrines of his church, by saying that, "It was natural * - * that the metaphysics of the seventeenth century should creep into certain chapters and that *certain points should represent a judgment of that age rather than a permanent truth.*"

Two of the main points that the committee are to report upon, and, in fact, upon which it has recently rendered a declaratory statement, are "infant damnation" and "predestination." Dr. Van Dyke, in explaining what makes the work of revision necessary, says: "By expressly mentioning 'elect infants,' the Westminster Confession leaves open the supposition that there may be 'non-elect infants.' Presbyterians believe today that all who die in infancy are saved by Jesus Christ."

Dr. Roberts, the secretary of the committee, has said that "The members (of the committee) denied that the American Presbyterians ever taught the doctrine of infant damnation," to which the *Springfield Republican* replies: "It will surprise some Presbyterians in this country to learn, on such good authority, that the Presbyterians in this country have never taught infant damnation, but it isn't necessary to quarrel with wise theologians who can execute such a masterly retreat." But this little hit aside, we gather that if the doctrine has never been taught, it is not now believed; and hence the creed should be revised to say so. It is a step in the right direction.

The Lord declared on this subject as early as September, 1830, to the Prophet Joseph: "But, behold, I say unto you, that children are redeemed from the foundation of the world through Mine Only Begotten; Wherefore, they cannot sin, for power is not given to Satan to tempt little children, until they begin to become accountable before me." (Doctrine and Covenants, 29: 46, 47.)

Again, in a revelation given in 1833: "Every spirit of man was innocent in the beginning, and God having redeemed man from the fall, men became again in their infant state innocent before God." (Doctrine and Covenants, 93: 38.)

Now on the second subject, "Predestination," Dr. Van Dyke (The *Outlook*, January 11th,) says: "The Westminster Confession has a long metaphysical chapter on God's eternal decree, which at least *seems* to teach that some men are created to be saved and others created to be damned. The Presbyterian church today does not believe this, and to guard against misapprehension on the subject it wishes to say clearly and unmistakably that *God has not put any barrier between any human soul and salvation.*"

Dr. Roberts, the committee secretary, in the declaratory statement referred to, announces that the members of the committee believe that "The doctrine of predestination is held in harmony with God's love for all mankind, and that no man is condemned except on the ground of his sin."

This agrees with the scriptures as pointed out by the Latter-day Saints in their second article of faith, as well as in the revelations of Joseph the Prophet: "We believe that men will be punished for their own sins and not for Adam's transgression." (see also Matthew 12: 36, 37; 16: 27; Jeremiah 17:10; II Cor. 5: 10; Rev. 20: 12, 15.) Also in the third article of faith: "We believe that through the atonement of Christ, all mankind may be saved by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel." (see also Isaiah 23; Acts 4: 12; Romans 5: 12-19; I John 1, 7-10.)

The Latter-day Saints have preached the gospel of free agency, lo! these many years, and in all earnestness declared man's free agency, and that the only barrier between salvation and the individual is the individual's own sins, which may be washed away by compliance with the principles and ordinances of the gospel, including repentance, baptism, by one holding authority, the reception of the Holy Ghost, and good works. There is no man whom God is not willing to save; but while this is so, no man will be saved who is not willing. The Presbyterians are progressing on the right way, but they have much yet to learn. The main point is this: their creed is founded on the wisdom and authority of men, and however many truths they may adopt from the true Church of Christ, the holy priesthood, which has the sanction and permission of God to act in his name, is not given to them, is not in their possession, and, hence, their work is vain. That authority and sanction of God, given directly of the Father and Son in person by

revelation to the Prophet Joseph, and by him conferred upon his followers to this day, is found only in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Our Presbyterian brethren should go one step further and acknowledge the authority of the Church of Christ in which all the ordinances are performed, and all the principles of the gospel taught, by the sanction of God through revelations to his authorized servants. They with all mankind are respectfully and earnestly invited and called upon to repent and join in the work of the Lord—the “marvelous work and a wonder” which God has established in these last days. It has the spiritual bread of life to offer to all the people of the earth; and in temporal matters, God has so prospered it that the one-time silence of the deserts and hills where its people dwell, has been gloriously awakened with the voice of thrift and industry.

Joseph F. Smith.

HOBBIES.

Continuing the subject of last month, in which it was sought to establish the value of dwelling sometimes upon generalities, and not always upon detail, I wish now to call the attention of young men to the evil of having hobbies. That is another form of narrowness of mind. The man who has a hobby pushes it to the front on all occasions, appropriate or inappropriate, timely or untimely, until at last he becomes so subject to it, that all other things are as nothing to him. It swallows him, covers him up, controls his mind completely, even to the absolute exclusion of all other thoughts.

Hobbymen are found in every settlement, and in all positions in the Church. Their themes are often good, sometimes bad; frequently, neither; but in any event, the tendency is to narrow the soul and to shrivel up the man, as a flower is pestered by the desert wind. A few hobbies are mentioned:

The healer in the Church: people get an idea that only such a man can effectively be called upon in case of sickness. He travels far and wide to administer to the sick; people go long dis-

stances to get him; many doctrines are set aside or ignored by him,—only healing is of any consequence. He neglects the word of wisdom and forgets his tithing. At last he feels called upon to travel from town to town, as if he alone possessed the power of healing, he and the Saints forgetting the commandment: "Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the Church; and let them [not any special one or two] pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord [not any special man] shall raise him up."

The man who keeps the word of wisdom: all other virtues are as dimmed stars; his star only, shines. He would not touch tea or coffee or meat or anything forbidden, a very commendable resolution, but he has no scruple in touching to his own benefit almost any other substance that he may lay hands on. He forgets his promises, his debts, his tithing, his prayers; has never called his family together to be taught the comfort in the truth that our Redeemer lives!

The tithe-payer: he dwells upon a vital theme. But the hobbyist allows even this to cover many sins. One cannot buy himself into the Kingdom of God. The moral life is not reached by travel on the path of gold. The latter is too hard. It should be softened by sympathy and fellow-feeling, and blessed by sacrifice. Such a hobby should be shattered by contemplating the condition of the poor and the struggling men among us, whose lives are a daily grind upon the steely wheel of necessity. It is a duty to pay tithing; so also is it that we love our brethren.

Then there is the doctrinal hobbyist, the man with one doctrine, one thought, upon which he bases his whole salvation. He pushes it upon audiences, upon bishops, presidents of stakes, the general authorities. It must be accepted. His construction of sentences, expressions, paragraphs in the scriptures, must be accepted, or the whole Church fabric is pronounced wrong. So crazy do such hobbyists become that they will permit themselves to be led down to destruction, to be severed from the Church, rather than refuse to parade their hobby before the people. Here is one of the many that has been ridden lately, the alleged Book of Mormon expression, "Jesus is the very God." Actually there is a whole

family—embracing several branches—that are working themselves out of the Church by it. They persist in judging all other doctrines by their interpretation of that. That, and their construction of it, is the paramount issue. Being subject to the Priesthood, and learning wisdom from its power, is considered as nothing. The whole work of God is “out of joint” because this new interpretation—no matter what it is—remains unheeded or neglected.

And so one might go on enumerating hobbies that people in the Church are riding. Boys, work diligently, study zealously, keep the commandments, but don't ride a hobby; however, if you must have one, let it be so broad, so great, so magnificent, so general, that it shall cover the whole plan of salvation, the whole scheme of human ethics, the whole truth, “all that God has revealed, all that he does now reveal,” and the “many great and important things pertaining to the Kingdom of God” that he will yet reveal.

Joseph F. Smith.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

On Administering the Sacrament.

Is it proper, according to Church laws, in administering the sacrament when two or more are officiating, for two to kneel together; or should only one kneel at a time?

The reader is referred to the Doctrine and Covenants, sec. 20: 75-79, and to the Book of Mormon, Moroni 4: 1, 3; 5: 1,2. It is customary and proper for the two who officiate in the administration of the sacrament to kneel together while the prayer is being said. In the early part of the history of the Church, when the congregations were not so large as they are now, it was not unusual for the congregation also to kneel, but it is now both customary and proper for those two who administer the holy sacrament to kneel with the congregation; and it is also in conformity with what would seem to have been the custom of the ancient inhabitants of this continent, as declared in Moroni 4: 2: “And they did kneel down with the Church, and pray to the Father in the name of Christ saying,” etc.

This matter, however, may be regulated by the presiding authority, according to local surroundings, circumstances, and conditions, though a uniform method conformable to the above is desirable.

Bestowal of the Holy Ghost prior to the Day of Pentecost.

Have we any scripture, ancient or modern, to prove that the Holy Ghost was bestowed permanently, by the laying on of hands and confirmation, performed before the Day of Pentecost?

Answer by Elder John Nicholson:

Wherefore, my beloved brethren, I know if ye shall follow the Son, with full purpose of heart, acting no hypocrisy and no deception before God, but with real intent, repenting of your sins, witnessing unto the Father, that ye are willing to take upon you the name of Christ, by baptism: yea, by following your Lord and your Savior down into the water, according to his word; behold, then shall ye receive the Holy Ghost; yea, then cometh the baptism of fire and of the Holy Ghost; and then can ye speak with the tongue of angels, and shout praises unto the Holy One of Israel! (Book of Mormon, II Nephi 31: 13.)

In answer to this quotation, it might be said that the passage says nothing about the "laying on of hands" to impart the Holy Ghost. Neither did Peter, on the day of Pentecost; nor Jesus, in his remarks to Nicodemus. There are but few direct statements in the New Testament in relation to conferring the conditionally permanent gift of the Holy Ghost, by the laying on of hands; yet it was and is an indispensable ordinance in the Church of Christ, which church existed 147 B. C., according to the following, in relation to the people baptized by Alma:

Mosiah 18: 17: And they were called the church of God, or the church of Christ, from that time forward. And it came to pass that whosoever was baptized by the power and authority of God, was added to his church.

Membership in the Church of Christ requires a full baptism, not half a one. In this connection, I quote the words of the Prophet Joseph Smith, as they appear on page 279, of the Compendium: "Baptism by water is but half a baptism, and is good for nothing without the other half—and that is the baptism of the Holy Ghost."

The fact that confirmation—the conferring of the Holy Ghost, by the laying on of hands of the servants of God, is a revealed ordinance of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, is excellent evidence that this ordinance prevailed in the Church of Christ in all ages when it had an organized existence on the earth. Many of its most magnificent principles and features, which have been restored through the Prophet Joseph, are barely or not at all alluded to in the Old and New Testaments.

Can a Father who Does Not Hold the Priesthood Bless his Child in Fast Meeting?

Does a father, holding the office of teacher or deacon, have the authority to bless his child in a fast-meeting, and give it a name by which it shall be known while it lives on the earth?"

Attention is called to the Doctrine and Covenants, sec. 20, paragraph 70, page 128 which answers the question:

Every member of the church of Christ having children, is to bring them unto the elders before the church, who are to lay their hands upon them in the name of Jesus Christ, and bless them in his name.

From this, we consider that only elders, or others holding the Melchizedek priesthood, can officiate in this calling of blessing children before the Church. If a father is called upon, who does not hold the Melchizedek priesthood, he cannot officiate as mouth in the blessing of his children before the Church. It must be remembered that if a father and mother have been married in the order of the Church he will hold the Priesthood, and it is hoped that there are only few cases where a father, who is a member of the Church, is not worthy of holding the holy priesthood.

We see no objection, and do not think there can be any, to a father not holding the priesthood, as head of the family, blessing and praying for his own child at home, although one can readily see that in administering to his children, even though he is the head of the family, he can not officiate by authority of the priesthood.

Praising One Organization to the Detriment of Another.

Would you consider it wise for traveling Church authorities, presidencies of stakes, or any one else, to praise one organization in the Church to the detriment or injury of another?

No. There may be times, however, when it is a very wise thing to praise those who are energetic, and who set a good example of enthusiasm and thrift in their work. Holding them thus up to view would not be considered a praise to the detriment of any other association.

Conflicting Meetings.

Is it right for a president of a stake or anyone else, to appoint a meeting or social party that would take the member of the Y. M. M. I. A. away from their meetings, without first speaking to the ward presidents about it?

The president of the stake presides in his stake, and has entire charge of all the affairs that pertain to his stake, but a wise man in this position will not do anything to conflict with any local arrangements without giving the proper notice to those who are interested, and consulting with those who will be inconvenienced by the special appointments; that is, he will consult with the bishop, who, undoubtedly, will find it to his interest, and to the benefit of his ward, to consult with the proper laborers under him, before making any appointment that will tend to discourage or conflict with any of the arrangements that such laborers may have made, or with any appointments for meetings that they may have advertised. But it must be borne in mind that all auxiliary organizations are under direct control, first, of the presidencies of stakes; secondly, under the bishops of wards; yet these authorities, undoubtedly, will find it to their advantage to respect every officer in his position, and consult him in all things that pertain to his labors.

How to Treat Secret Offense.

If a person is offended by the words of another in secret, would it be right for the person so offended to make the offense public before first trying to settle it privately?

For an answer, see the Doctrine and Covenants, sec. 42, pages 176-177, which completely answers this question. Please read paragraphs 88-93. The 92nd paragraph contains a full answer to the inquiry:

If any shall offend in secret, he or she shall be rebuked in secret, that he or she may have opportunity to confess in secret to him or her whom he or she has offended, and to God, that the Church may not speak reproachfully of him or her.

EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

BY THOMAS HULL, GENERAL SECRETARY OF Y. M. M. I. A.

LOCAL—*February* 19—Solomon Saxton, born England, February 21, 1824, joined the Church in 1847, came to Utah in 1861, died at his home in Coalville, Summit county.....22—The people of Cache county petition for a forest reserve in the east mountains.....23—Daniel Alexander, a prominent Salt Lake business man, 57 years old, accidentally shot and killed himself.....L. B. Adams, a leading resident of Ogden and prominent citizen of Utah, born in Germany 59 years ago, died from the result of an accident to his foot some ten days ago.....24—Five thousand square miles of public land in Utah are withdrawn for forest reserves, pending investigation.....25—Mrs. Joseph Chamberlin, born Springville, October 29, 1871, died of ptomaine poisoning.....26—The plan to obtain government aid for Utah lake reservoir is abandoned owing to disagreement between canal companies.....The state irrigators convention opens in Salt Lake, attended by 345 delegates. Hon. Abel John Evans chosen president.....28—Stock sales for February, 1,972,246 shares for \$999,326.13; mining dividends in Utah for the month, \$314,000; ore and bullion settlements, \$1,434,900.....W. S. McCornick, of Salt Lake, is prominently mentioned for Secretary of the Interior in the event of the resignation of E. A. Hitchcock.....Robert Knox Wilson, born Scotland, February 29, 1824, a pioneer of Brigham City, died.

March 1—The Irrigation Convention, having made a permanent organization, and memorialized Congress asking that all arid lands in the state be ceded to the state for irrigation systems, adjourned till April.....2—James M. Hixon, born Indiana, April 5, 1834, a pioneer of Summit county, died in Coalville.....3—Work began on the Leamington cut-off O. S. L.....4—The Utah Sugar Co. sold some 70,000 shares of stock to eastern parties at \$18.00.....5—The meeting house at Kamas burned; loss \$5,000.....6—John Bailey, born England, April 28, 1816, died in Kaysville, Utah.....8—Utah has \$1,101,685 invested in grist mills, which produced in 1900 \$1,829,840.....10—Maj.-Gen. McArthur arrived at Fort Douglas.....11—Nancy Tracy, a pioneer of Weber county, aged 85 years, died in Marriott.....David Candland, born England,

October 15, 1819, died in Mount Pleasant, Sanpete county.....
 12—Mrs. Henry George, born England, January 11, 1822, came to Utah
 in 1853, died in Salt Lake City.....14—The Utah baseball
 league was organized in Ogden.....A snowstorm passed over
 the state. Five inches of snow fell in Salt Lake.....The
 Tabernacle Choir started for San Francisco under the leadership of Prof.
 Evan Stephens.

DOMESTIC—January 26—A heavy blizzard and severe cold prevail
 in Nebraska.....The *Umbria* and *Etruria* exchanged Mar-
 conic messages over 110 miles at sea, breaking the ocean record
27—Six persons were killed and one hundred in-
 jured in an explosion in the rapid transit subway, New York
28—Rear Admiral Lewis A. Kimberley, retired, died at West
 Newton, Mass.....Program for the entertainment of Prince Henry
 from Feb. 22 to March 1, is made public.....29—The Ways and
 Means Committee of the House decided to frame a bill repealing all war
 taxes, before taking further action on Cuban reciprocity.....Andrew
 Carnegie presented the deed of gift of \$10,000,000, to the Carnegie In-
 stitution trustees..The birthday of late the Pres. McKinley was generally
 observed throughout the land.....30—A bill creating a permanent
 Census Bureau passed the House of Representatives.....31—Gov-
 ernor Taft appears before the Senate Committee and gives an encourag-
 ing statement of the situation in the Philippines.

February 1—Leslie M. Shaw succeeds Lyman J. Gage as secretary
 of the Treasury.....John D. Rockefeller has given one million
 dollars to the Harvard Medical school.....2—Great economic
 gains were shown in most of the farming industries in the United States
 in 1901.....4—The Senate passes Senator Hoar's bill increasing
 salary of U. S. judges 25 per cent.....5—Governor Van Zandt
 asks the Minnesota legislature for an appropriation to pay the legal ex-
 penses in his fight against the railroad merger.....6—Miss Ellen
 Hay and Payne Whitney are married in Washington.....The
 Philippine sedition laws are discussed in the Senate.....8—Rear-
 Admiral W. T. Sampson and B. J. Cromwell are placed on the retired list
 of the navy.....9—The business section of Patterson, N. J., is
 destroyed by fire; loss ten million dollars.....12.—Lincoln's birth-
 day was generally observed throughout the country.....Washing-
 ton is surprised by the manifesto of the Salt Lake Ministerial Associa-
 tion.....14—Mr. Wheeler of the House delivers an inopportune
 speech on "foreign flunkism," and greatly criticises Secretary Hay and
 the administration policy.....15—The National Woman's Suffrage

Association in session at Washington appropriately remembers Susan B. Anthony's 82d birthday.....16—President Charles M. Schwab of the U. S. Steel Combination returns from his European trip.....17—The House unanimously passes the bills repealing war taxes.....The Senate ratifies the treaty with Denmark for the cession of the Danish West Indies.....The state and city of New York is snow-bound.....22—Senators Tillman and McLaurin of South Carolina indulge in a fist fight in the U. S. Senate, and both are declared in contempt.....At a great fire in Park Avenue hotel, New York, eighteen people are cremated.....23—Prince Henry of Prussia, visiting the United States to witness the launching of his brother, Emperor William's, yacht, *Meteor*, reached New York and is cordially welcomed.....Attorney-General Knox recommends the dismissal of Judge Noyes of Alaska.....24—Prince Henry of Prussia dines at the White House with President Roosevelt.....Senator Tillman's invitation to dine at the White House is cancelled by President Roosevelt because the former is in contempt of the Senate.....The U. S. Supreme Court decides it has no jurisdiction in the great railroad merger case.....The Philippine tariff bill passes the Senate; neither Tillman nor McLaurin are permitted to take part in Senate proceedings.....25—Tillman and McLaurin are restored to the Senate rolls.....Mothers' Sixth National Congress opens in Washington.....The Kaiser's schooner yacht *Meteor* is christened by Miss Alice Roosevelt and is launched at Shooter's Island, New York, without mishap.....26—Prince Henry is dined by the *Staats Zeitung* and the American Press.....28—The Senate passed a resolution of censure for Tillman and McLaurin, and the incident is closed.

March 1—Floods in Pennsylvania throw thousands of workmen out of employment.....2—Prince Henry visits Kentucky, Tennessee, and Indiana and is warmly received.....4—Prince Henry lays a laurel wreath on Lincoln's statue, in Chicago, and then is banqueted in Milwaukee.....6—Harvard confers honorary degree Doctor of Laws on Prince Henry.....7—Prince Henry returns to New York, having traveled 4,358 miles and visited 13 states.....The President has signed the act creating a permanent census bureau.....10—Secretary Long, of the Navy, has tendered his resignation and the President has chosen William Henry Moody, of Massachusetts, as his successor, change to take effect May 1.....The Illinois trust law is declared unconstitutional, and proceedings against the railroad merger are begun in the U. S. Circuit Court at St. Paul.....11—

Prince Henry sailed on the *Deutschland* for Germany.....12—
John P. Altgeld, former governor of Illinois, died in Joliet, Ill.....
14—The Senate ratified The Hague treaty regarding war customs on land.

FOREIGN—*January 30*—The Socialists won a seat in the German Reichstag, from a district in Saxony, the tariff being the issue.....31
—The cost of the Boer war for the past year was £61,070,000.....
On the island of Hondo 210 Japanese soldiers lost their way and froze to death.

February 1—At Honda, Mexico, 106 men were killed in a mine explosion.....For the 3d term J. Santos Zelaya was inaugurated president of Nicaragua.....Count Leo Tolstoi is seriously ill.....2—
Prince Henry left Berlin for Kiel whence he will depart for the United States reaching there on the morning of Washington's birthday.....
3—In a storm on the coast of England, many ships are wrecked and 33 lives lost.....4—Britain declines Holland's proffered mediation in the South African war.....Damad Mahmud Pasha, the Sultan's brother-in-law, and a fugitive in Paris, is condemned to death for conspiracy against the Sultan.....5—Lord Kitchener reports the capture of De Wet's last gun and 131 Boers.....6—The total losses to the British in Africa is reported by the war office: casualties, including wounded, 5,240 officers, and 100,701 men7—Thos. Sidney Cooper, English Academician, age 99 years, died near Canterbury.....
8—The Kaiser orders Christian Science and Spiritualism to be stamped out in Germany..... Onslow's tablet to Ruskin is unveiled in the poets' corner of Westminster Abbey.....9—Lord Kitchener's effort to capture De Wet fails, the latter escaping by a bold dash. Boer losses 283, British 10.....13—The city of London tenders the freedom of the city to Jos. Chamberlain.....15—Prince Henry sets sail for the United States.....16—The British are ambushed on Klip river and lose two officers and ten men.....17—It is now learned that 2000 lives were lost in the great earthquake in Shamaka, Russia, last week, and 4000 houses were destroyed 20—In labor riots, Barcelona, Spain, 500 persons, workmen and troops, are reported killed or wounded on both sides..... Miss Ellen M. Stone, the American missionary, who with Mme. Tsilka, was captured by brigands last September, was set free at Strumitza, Macedonia, this morning. Mme. Tsilka and her babe were also released. All well.....26—
France celebrates the centenary of Victor Hugo, festivities will last five days.....28—The British on the block house line make a combined move against the Boers; 600 Boers are killed and large supplies captured; 451 Englishmen and 16 officers were taken prisoners.

March 1—A rebellion has broken out near Nankin, China.....
2—The home of Victor Hugo in Paris is formally turned over to the municipality..... 4—E. Ducretet, a French engineer, has stated to the Academy of Science that he has discovered a means of wireless telephony through the earth.....6—The American liner *Waesland* was sunk in a collision off Hollyhead, Wales, all aboard being saved but two.....10—Gen. D. Larey of the Boers captures Gen. Methuen. Three British officers, and 38 men killed, 77 wounded, 200 missing.

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